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The Shape of Things

✶

THE WORLD FOUND IT A LITTLE HARD TO look Christmas in the face this year. The press was full of rueful editorials apologizing for the shortage of honest merriment on hand, while "peace on earth" and "good-will to men" were spoken as fervent prayers rather than expressions of greeting. Everybody hoped that the little town of Bethlehem would in fact lie still beneath the silent stars of Palestine—that no Jews would be found murdered in the birthplace of the Jew whose 1937th birthday was being celebrated—and four thousand British troops stood guard over the handful of Christians worshiping at the shrine of the Nativity. The Nazi neo-pagans shifted Christmas to the winter solstice and dedicated it to the gods of the Teutons—an expression of mystic isolationism which nobody outside Germany objected to. We note, however, with some resentment, that Hitler ate his *Lebkuchen* just the same. We begrudge *Lebkuchen* to Hitler and Wotan; let 'em eat mistletoe berries. All in all the world enjoyed a morose Christmas—one troubled by sensations of guilt and dread. And Santa Claus is reported to have called out to the Soviet Arctic expedition as he passed their ice cake on his way to the Pole: "Boys, I advise you to give up this idea of floating back to civilization. Drop an anchor and stay where you are, and a Happy New Year to you."

✶

ACCEPTANCE OF THE JAPANESE APOLOGY for the Panay incident brings to a close the diplomatic crisis which has existed since the sinking of the American gunboat a fortnight ago. Japan technically complied with the American demands with regard to apologies, punishment of the responsible officers, and promise of indemnification. Whether its assurances against a repetition of such incidents are of value can only be shown by future events. It is significant, however, that the army leader believed to be chiefly responsible for firing on the Panay after the bombing—Colonel Hashimoto—not only has not been punished but was one of the commanders of the troops which attacked and captured the important city of Hangchow last week. Because of his position of leadership in the Japanese fascist movement Hashimoto is believed to be immune from governmental discipline. Further evidence that Japan was unimpressed by the American protests may be found in the sweeping

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and wholly illegal decree making foreigners, including Americans, subject to the death penalty for actions embarrassing to the Japanese armed forces in China. For years foreigners have enjoyed extraterritorial rights in China. In abrogating them, the Japanese have virtually closed the Open Door in China, since few foreigners will care to do business—or indeed be able to—under the arbitrary supervision of the Japanese militarists. For these reasons, if for no others, we cannot believe that the State Department will bow to the latest Japanese decree.

*

THAT THE TERUEL VICTORY WAS NOT A flash in the pan is indicated by the launching of a new government offensive in the province of Jaen in the extreme south of Spain. All the evidence indicates that the government armies have been enormously strengthened in recent months, and that the internal political situation has steadily improved. Moreover, it is apparent that the government forces are gradually mastering the technique of offensive warfare, in which they were completely unskilled a year ago. The Fascists are still superior in artillery, military leadership, and discipline, but they are obviously racked by increasing dissension. This heightens the striking parallel between the Spanish conflict and our own Civil War. In both cases the rebels, representing the old feudal elements, included a majority of the officers of the regular army and enjoyed unquestioned military superiority during the first year of the war. In both instances the formation of a large national army proved to be a protracted and difficult task, constantly hampered by poor leadership. Yet in the end the government with the great industrial cities under its control turned out the superior army. While we earnestly hope that the Spanish struggle will not drag out for four bitter years, it is significant that the Loyalist government has already begun preliminary training for draft classes which are not expected to be called for nearly a year.

*

WHILE CONGRESSMEN HIT THE TRAIL FOR home last week, the President was not idle in mending his political fences. The general political mood since the stock-market break has been one of uneasy conciliation toward business, with no real conviction on the part either of the progressives or of the conservatives that the President can be counted on for a sustained policy in one direction or the other. Recent developments, however, bear out the analysis in our Washington dispatch of two weeks ago—that the President would show definitely during the month after the close of the special session that he has no intention of swerving from New Deal policies or of abandoning the progressives. The chief items in support of this view have been Mr. Roosevelt's meeting with eight Senate militants—Norris, Wagner, La Follette, Minton, Schwellenbach, Green, Pepper, and Brown; his "fighting orders" given to the majority leaders in Congress for the regular session; Senator Norris's statement that if the New Deal program is not legislated by the coming session of Congress, Mr. Roosevelt will probably be a candidate for a third term; and Assistant Attorney General Robert H. Jackson's recent speeches hitting not only the monopolists but the whole business leadership, important because Mr. Jackson is close to the President. The President has a chance in his coming message to Congress to make it clear to the country that he has not been deflected from his policies by business sabotage.

*

WHEN REPORTS OF THE SLAUGHTER OF THE Haitians first trickled out of the Dominican Republic, it required an effort to believe that they were not grossly exaggerated. The picture of 800 men and women hacked to death with machetes and thrown to the sharks seemed too grisly for credibility. But with the passing of time the reports of the massacre were not only verified from more and more reliable sources, but the extent of the blood-letting was revealed to be vastly greater than originally rumored. From 800 the toll reported in a United Press dispatch rose to 5,000, then to 8,000, and now, according to official figures released by the Haitian legation in Washington, the total of mass killings is placed at 12,168, shown to have "taken place in more than sixty-five Dominican localities, almost simultaneously, at a given signal." Not until the middle of December, however, was there any confirmation by Dominican officials. It remained for Dictator Trujillo's consul at New Orleans to admit that the massacre occurred. In a letter to the National Negro Congress, Consul Rafael A. Espaillat not only gave official confirmation to the reports but entered one of the strangest pleas in defense of mass murder that we have ever encountered. Referring to this macabre St. Bartholomew's affair as "an incident," Mr. Espaillat explains that it "is not an occurrence to cause surprise, and it is my belief that such incidents will continue to happen in the future unless the Haitian government should establish a policy of economic protection toward its citizens." If Haiti doesn't feed its people, Mr. Espaillat apparently feels, it is only reasonable to expect these "pariahs" and "miserable proletariat" to be fed to Dominican sharks. President Roosevelt's pressure on Trujillo to accept mediation by the United States, Mexico, and Cuba should put the Dominican dictator in a tight spot and force an airing of the goriest episode in recent peace-time history.

*

THE BRAVEST THING THE NLRB HAS DONE is to confront the feudal power of Henry Ford and assert quietly that it must be brought within the rule of law. The board's decision of last week is chiefly remarkable for the fact that a civilized state has waited so long to subject the lawlessness of the Ford empire to criticism and curb. The evidence taken by the board would be almost incredible if it were not so clearly buttressed and so well authenticated. The savagery of the attack of the Ford "service men" on Richard Frankensteen, Walter Reuther, and the other union organizers

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at the River Rouge plant in Detroit was such that one can scarcely believe it could have happened anywhere outside a fascist state. One could not believe it if one did not also recall the Memorial Day massacre at Chicago and the record of lynchings in the South. The Ford Company's conception of labor relations is part of the same primitivism that marks our police brutality and our lynchings. Ford's Mr. Bennett has declared that he will ignore the Labor Board's ruling that the company has violated the Wagner Act and that it must reinstate twenty-nine of its employees and cease interfering with union organization. Mr. Bennett speaks vaguely of an appeal to the courts, but what he will do when they uphold the board is shrouded in darkness. One thing is clear. If the Ford empire can successfully defy the law of labor relations as well as every canon of human decency, the way will be open for converting the primitivism of Mr. Ford's power into the permanent primitivism of the fascist state.

*

IN THE WELTER OF PICTURE MAGAZINES that decorate the newsstands these days is a newcomer called *Rising Tide*. Organ of Dr. Frank Buchman's Oxford Movement, *Rising Tide* calls pictorially for a God-controlled world—"the revolution which will end revolution by changing human nature and remaking men and nations." A whole section of the magazine is devoted to testimonials in which housewives, statesmen, farmers, industrialists, doctors, and even editors tell how they let God control their lives by the practice of the four absolutes—honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love. We don't recall ever coming out specifically for honesty, purity, unselfishness, or love, but we support all four, and up to this point we have no quarrel with *Rising Tide*. Where we begin to find our own stock of love running low is at the section captioned "The Forgotten Factor in Industry Is That God Has a Plan." Here we read the testimonial of a union organizer who since he found God sees that "power without responsibility is dangerous to the individual and to the nation." Then there is the steel worker who confesses that "hatred led me to faith in a material revolution. I was changed, and see that only a spiritual revolution from within goes far enough to meet the needs of men and industry." And the Negro member of an engineer's crew who discovers that "this God-control business has made a big difference in the boiler room." At this point we recall the plutocratic nature of Dr. Buchman's backing, and his logical thesis that it is easier for God to control a nation through one man than it is through a whole legislature and bureaucracy. Of course, Dr. Buchman insists, your dictator must be the right kind, but last year Dr. Buchman interviewed Adolf Hitler and found him good.

*

THE RESIGNATION OF PREMIER TATARESCU following the failure of his Liberal Party to obtain the required 40 per cent of the vote in last week's national election has made Rumania more of a question mark than ever in international politics. Although Tatarescu was drifting toward the Rome-Berlin axis, his defeat was not accomplished primarily by the anti-fascist groups. On the contrary, the two openly fascist parties—the Iron Guard and the Christian Front—polled an unexpectedly heavy vote, while the National Peasant Party under Dr. Julius Maniu obtained less than 20 per cent of the total. Bratianu, who has been mentioned as a possible successor to Tatarescu, is a member of the family which dominated Rumania for generations. As an open enemy of King Carol, and even more of Mme Lupescu, his Cabinet would likely give aid and comfort to the fascist parties. Nevertheless, the Bratianus have been traditionally pro-French, and it is doubtful whether its latest representative would yield to the Iron Guard to the extent of deserting the Little Entente. As we go to press there is still a possibility that another election will be called, in which case the democratic forces will have another chance to rally. But a more ominous alternative is implied in the flight of the anti-fascist Titulescu and in the conversations which King Carol has been having with the fascist leader Goga and with General Antonescu, former Chief of Staff. There is an acute danger that Carol will play the Hindenburg and turn the government over to dictatorship—either fascist or military.

*

NEWTON D. BAKER WAS A TIRED LIBERAL, and his whole career showed what happens when a man's liberalism is not anchored in a continuing social movement. Baker started as an alert young reform lawyer in Cleveland, a follower of Tom Johnson. As city solicitor and later as Mayor of Cleveland he fought for municipal reform and opposed the control of the local utilities. He was, moreover, a pacifist and a humanitarian. By a strange quirk of political destiny, Wilson offered him the war portfolio in 1916, and Baker accepted. The humanitarian had to bend every energy to equip America for war; the pacifist found it necessary to carry through a vast conscription drive and to jail hundreds of conscientious objectors. In Baker's defense it may be said that having accepted Wilson's approach toward an undemocratic war for democracy, he was caught in its logic. He was an efficient War Secretary—amazingly so for a layman who had never had the slightest experience with war. After the war Baker lived in the shadow of the Wilsonian tradition, but he clung to that tradition only where it was weakest, that is, in the field of international liberalism. In domestic policy he turned his back on the concepts behind the "new freedom." He became the open champion of the utility interests, whose fees he took for legal work before the federal courts. For a time in 1932 the reactionary Democrats hoped they could use him to head off Roosevelt's nomination. From then until his death a few days ago he grew ever more bitterly anti-New Deal and anti-labor, becoming at last indistinguishable from the Liberty Leaguers.

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War and Peace

THE debate on American foreign policy has raged so intensely that it has wiped out the landmarks of realistic discussion. We find ourselves tangled up with words and concepts—"war," "peace," "isolation," "neutrality," "pacifism," "communism," "fascism," "collective security," "democracies," "aggression," "scuttle and run," "Chinese wall," "gangster diplomacy." We mill about in a nightmare of slogans, each of them an absolute that we hurl at our opponent or that he hurls at us. It is time to return to the real world of chances and probabilities.

It is on this level of chances and probabilities, and not on any level of certainties, that the discussion must go on. For the claims of either side—those advocating collective security as well as those advocating isolationism—that their nostrum will certainly eliminate all danger of war are unreal and inflated. The basic difficulty about the neutrality bill that Congress passed last year and about the Ludlow resolution for a war referendum is that they aim at insulating America against war—and that is impossible. And in their anxiety to achieve this impossible, they adopt methods—this is especially true of the Ludlow resolution—which may achieve the exact opposite of their intentions. The basic error, likewise, of many of the proponents of collective security is that they stretch too far a logic that is inherently sound. It is true that the best way to minimize the chances of war is to meet the aggressive action of the fascist powers with the cooperative action of the other powers. But it is not true that this action constitutes an absolute assurance against war. Nor is it true that it must be military action, or that it must even look to military action. The statements of Mr. Stimson and Mr. Landon, although we agree with their general tenor, smell far too much of powder for our comfort; and Mr. Landon's implication that the British Socialists and pacifists in 1914 should not have opposed Great Britain's entrance into the war can only be understood as part of the resurgence of the martial spirit in its more naked capitalist form.

It is typical of the unreal character of the discussion that both sides in the dispute about collective security seem to have abandoned its original premises of economic action. This is especially true in Great Britain, whose closeness to the centers of conflagration has heightened the temperature of controversy. The parliamentary debates disclose on the one hand an interpretation of collective security which involves only the formula of the League of Nations minus Article X—a formula that is by no means enough. They disclose on the other hand an interpretation that involves joint military action with America and France against any fascist aggressor—a formula that goes a good deal too far.

It is time to get back to collective security as basically economic. We live in a world in which nations flourish or fall by their economic strength or weakness, in which war is a large-scale industry drawing its materials from the four corners of the world, in which the specter that haunts the aggressor nations is not so much military defeat as financial collapse. Reinhold Niebuhr, in an article elsewhere in this issue, points out that the capitalist democracies are involved in contradictions as deep and inescapable as those expressed in the Greek tragic themes. But the fascist powers are caught in the same contradictions. Their aim is to solder capitalist power with the flame of terrorism. Yet they must push their aggressions in a world in which every major gain must be made at the cost of other capitalist powers; and in a world, moreover, where their own war machines can operate only with the sufferance and help of the industrial machines of the major democracies.

That is what creates the strength of economic action by the capitalist democracies. It is we who furnish the scrap iron, the steel, the oil, the rubber which Japan is using to wipe out Chinese civilization. English credit and trade would be necessary to keep Germany from collapse if it should embark on its Czechoslovakian and Russian adventures. American, English, and French money and raw materials are the cement that alone can hold Mussolini's Mediterranean power together for any length of time. The democracies need not and must not talk of war; they need talk only of their legal power to withhold or provide credits and munitions according to their choice. This is all the "quarantining" that need ever be done; and if it were done with firmness and decisiveness, it would undoubtedly provide an adequate check to long-range plans of conquest.

Would it also prevent resort to war as a desperate final step on the part of the fascist powers? That, unfortunately, is the gravest incalculable in a situation full of incalculables. It would be foolish to say that the fascist nations would never dare precipitate war in order to drag the whole world down with them in their own ruin. One can only say that if they are allowed to ravage the smaller powers at will now, their strength and prestige and arrogance will be all the greater when the decisive moment comes. The real claim to make for collective security is not that it will eliminate all danger of war, but that an announced determination to take economic action against an aggressor will minimize the probability of those continuing depredations from which general war will inevitably develop.

One of the chief arguments against this course is that it freezes the world into two hostile armed camps, confronting each other with bristling military preparations. But that is not a coming danger; it is a present fact. The problem is how to dispel the atmosphere of armed camps that now exists. The great danger today is that the world will be pushed into another system of alliances such as preceded the outbreak of the World War. American isolationism will not avert that danger. The only alternative to the alliance system is a pooled and common effort to keep the peace. The idea of collective security has survived the collapse of the organizations in which it has been embodied—the League, the Kellogg Pact, Locarno. Its essence is readiness for cooperative action, limited to the economic plane and kept within the scope of international law. It is not, as we pointed out last week, action

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against any nation. It is rather action *for* certain standards of peaceful and non-aggressive international behavior. No nation is excluded from joining this common effort. Nor need it involve treaty obligations or iron-clad commitments. We have learned that international peace does not depend on words in a treaty but on common interests, common understanding, and the habit of common action. Viewed in this light, collective security offers a genuine program—not for fighting fascism or redressing the balance of the world but for maximizing the probabilities of peace.

Business Prospects

THE closing days of 1937 find American business somewhat anxiously studying the trade statistics of the last few months for a clue to the months ahead. It is now apparent that the decline in business activity which occurred between the end of August and the end of November was one of the sharpest on record. During this period the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial activity tobogganed from 117 to 90—a drop of 27 points in three months. This is considerably steeper than the decline between October and December, 1929—the record until this year.

Unemployment has also grown with almost unprecedented speed. The WPA estimates that at least two million persons have lost their jobs since Labor Day, and that another one to two million will be thrown out of work by the end of January. Official estimates of the Department of Labor indicate that more than 570,000 were added to the rolls of the jobless between mid-October and mid-November. Of the total, only 100,000 have been cared for by the WPA, and unless Congress provides additional funds, less than two of the twelve million unemployed will be on the WPA lists at their peak on February 1.

In contrast with the situation in 1929, favorable elements exist which to a degree offset the decline in industrial activity. Foreign trade has been better than at any time for many years. There is little indication that the American recession has seriously affected general business conditions abroad, or, indeed, that it has reached into all sectors of the domestic economy. Following exceptionally good crops, farm income for 1937 is estimated at $8,500,000,000, as compared with $7,900,000,000 in 1936. Moreover, Christmas trade in the New York area was less than 1 per cent lower than it was last year in dollar volume and fully up to it in number of transactions. Since even in 1929 retail trade held up long after the decline in the capital-goods industries had set in, the general prevalence of wage scales somewhat above those of a year ago may support business despite the existing psychology of fear. It is perhaps also worth noting that in the week ending December 11 the New York *Times* weekly index of business activity advanced for the first time since August 14.

If it were possible to pick out with certainty the primary cause of the recession among the many factors contributing to it, predictions for 1938 would be relatively easy. But certainty in this field is almost invariably a sign of economic illiteracy. There is, however, much substance in the Administration's contention that speculative buying created by inflation psychology caused business firms to pile up inventories in excess of immediate needs, thus preparing the way for the slump. If this were the only factor, we might assume that the recession had already reached its low point and that 1938 would see a return to a more orderly recovery movement. But against this hope we must set the threat of the government's budget-balancing policy. A year ago, with only about three-fourths as much unemployment as at present, the WPA was caring for nearly twice as many persons. A corresponding decrease has occurred in other forms of emergency expenditures, leaving the country without an adequate cushion against a decline in consumer purchasing power. The business offensive against the corporation and capital-gains taxes also provides cause for pessimism. For unless some way can be devised to tap the existing surpluses of capital through taxation, the government will have to fall back on borrowing to close the gap between production and consumer purchasing power.

Politics rather than economics must furnish the key to the probable extent and duration of the recession. If Congress would hold to the policies that proved relatively so successful in 1933, we should feel reasonably sure that the slump would be short-lived. If there is any lesson to be learned from 1929, it is that business cannot prescribe for its own ailments.

Behind the Scenes

THE La Follette Committee on Civil Liberties sent stunning Christmas greetings to some 2,500 American corporations on December 22 when it made public a list of concerns using the services of detectives from 1933 to 1936, compiled from the records of detective agencies providing the service, mainly, of labor espionage. Several minor business concerns have protested against their inclusion in the list, and it is possible that a few of those listed had used detectives only as guards; but these highly publicized and exceedingly minor exceptions must not be allowed to obscure the overwhelming evidence that American business as a whole has as a matter of policy used the services of the most despicable human species, the labor spy, to prevent "free" American workers from exercising their rights.

The list which has agitated the headlines is only an appendage of the final report of the committee, which spent eighteen months exploring the underworld of industrial espionage and has returned to warn the country, on the basis of volumes of evidence, that labor espionage, which has long since become an intrenched interest in its own right, threatens to undermine the very fabric of business itself. Three other reports will follow, covering industrial munitioning, strike-breaking and coercion, and the bloody story of Harlan County, Kentucky.

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The present document tells a story, far too dramatic for fiction, in which the high tragedy of workers' lives and unions broken for pay comes out in the low-comedy language of illiterate spies, the half-men who are the tools of respectable business. And through it all runs the irony that this dim world of persecution and fear lies just behind the bright façade of American democracy and freedom and is for thousands the real world in which they must live and work. Listen to the lines of one "Red" Kuhl, as he becomes explicit about the technique of drawing workers into espionage:

> Well, first you look your prospect over, and if he is married that is preferable. If he is financially hard up, that is number two. If his wife wants more money, or he hasn't got a car, that all counts. And you go offer him this extra money; naturally you don't tell him what you want him for.

And here is the technique in operation on a human victim:

> *Mr. Kuhl:* No, sir. I don't know McNamara, but I helped lay the plans with W. H. Gray to hook him.
>
> *Senator La Follette:* What plans did you lay?
>
> *Mr. Kuhl:* Well, I found out where he lived. I found out the places that he visited, found out a little about his home life, and I gave this information to Gray.
>
> *Senator La Follette:* Was he a union man?
>
> *Mr. Kuhl:* He was a union man.
>
> *Senator La Follette:* What did you do?
>
> *Mr. Kuhl:* Gray and I drove down to his house, and I waited in the car until Gray went in and hooked him, and Gray told me, "A hundred per cent I've got him."

We have said that this world of persecution is for thousands their real world; but fortunately it can also be said that since the La Follette committee began its monumental investigation many of these thousands have been freed through organization in unions too strong to be corrupted by the termites of Pinkerton or Corporations Auxiliary. In automobiles the victory of the U. A. W. apparently put an end to espionage in General Motors, at least on its former scale, which had enriched the agencies to the tune of $829,765 in three years. It is known, however, that General Motors keeps well informed about the inner workings of the U. A. W. And for all the protestations of industry that it does not or will no longer employ spies, it should be clear that this practice is organic to American industry and that the only effective weapon against it is more and more unionization. Meanwhile not only labor but the public in general owes honor and praise to the La Follette committee for its courageous and uncompromising picture of an underworld that industry deliberately made.

Happy New Year!

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"The Nation's" Honor Roll for 1937

FOR the tenth successive year *The Nation* offers a roster of Americans who either as individuals or as groups deserve the applause of their countrymen. In a world in which courage is at a premium they have been courageous; they have been intelligent when intelligence was sorely needed; in public affairs, journalism, or the arts they have made a contribution, by a particular act or by their general behavior, which is worthy of honorable notice.

THE YOUNG TURKS in Congress, some forty strong, led by MAURY MAVERICK of Texas, and including JERRY O'CONNELL of Montana, JOHN T. BERNARD and HENRY G. TEIGAN of Minnesota, THOMAS R. AMLIE and GERALD J. BOILEAU of Wisconsin, JOHN M. COFFEE of Washington, H. JERRY VOORHIS of California, and ROBERT G. ALLEN of Pennsylvania, for their courageous fight in the House against the principalities and powers of reaction.

SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR., and SENATOR ELBERT D. THOMAS of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee, and their staff, for having written a new economic charter for American civil liberties.

HARRY L. HOPKINS, head of the WPA, for his fight against heavy odds to keep the destitute and unemployed from bearing the chief burden of government economy, and for his liberal influence in government counsels.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, for persisting—in the face of the drive against him and the commission—in his effort to use it as an instrument of control in reorganizing the stock market and safeguarding the interests of the investor.

WILLIAM E. DODD, for his protest against the sending of an American representative to the Nazi Party gathering at Nürnberg, and for a devotion to the democratic idea which has stood out among the bleak hypocrisies of our diplomacy.

GOVERNOR ELMER A. BENSON of Minnesota, for withdrawing the license of the Pinkerton Agency for industrial espionage, and for showing what a Farmer-Labor governor can do in furthering a program of social legislation; and GOVERNOR FRANK MURPHY of Michigan, for keeping his head during the automobile strike despite the enormous pressure exerted on him by business interests.

THE TEXTILE WORKERS' ORGANIZING COMMITTEE, headed by SIDNEY HILLMAN, for the intelligence and courage it has used in its campaign of organization, and especially for showing, for the first time in labor history, that a map of trade unionism does not have to omit the South.

THE UNITED AUTOMOBILE WORKERS' UNION and the TRANSPORT WORKERS' UNION, their officers and organizers, for winning brilliant labor victories and demonstrating that they are forces to be reckoned with.

THE AMERICAN LABOR PARTY of New York and its officers, for their skilful and perspicacious campaign in the New York City elections, which gave labor politics a new dignity and standing.

MORRIS L. ERNST and ROGER BALDWIN, for leading the fight against the Hague dictatorship in Jersey City; and NORMAN THOMAS, for being found in every danger spot where civil liberties are threatened in America.

JUDGE JULIAN W. MACK, of the Federal Circuit Court, for his decision in the Electric Bond and Share case, the climax of a distinguished career of judicial service, which has been marked by an equal grasp of the realities of economics and the meaning of law.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, of the American Civil Liberties Union, for his courageous investigation and report on the Ponce massacre in Porto Rico.

MEMBERS OF THE LINCOLN and WASHINGTON BATTALIONS, living and dead, who have fought in the International Brigade in Loyalist Spain for the defense of the cultural heritage common to all democratic peoples.

THE TOWN COUNCIL OF SOUTHBURY, CONNECTICUT, for setting an example of stubborn local opposition to the advance of the Nazi training camps in America.

SURGEON GENERAL THOMAS PARRAN, for heading the national fight against venereal diseases and breaking down the taboos which have until now surrounded them.

THE COMMITTEE OF 430, and its leaders, RUSSELL L. CECIL, JOHN P. PETERS, MILTON G. WINTERNITZ, and HUGH CABOT, who issued a medical Declaration of Independence from the bureaucracy and vested interests of the American Medical Association.

BISHOP FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL, for completing twenty-five years of work which have deeply affected the social teachings of the church.

CARDINAL MUNDELEIN for expressing the best elements of his church in his condemnation of the persecutions in Nazi Germany.

HERBERT L. MATTHEWS of the New York *Times* and JAMES M. MINIFIE of the New York *Herald Tribune*, for the sustained quality of their correspondence on the Spanish Civil War.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, for breaking the story of the Paramount newsreel on the Chicago Memorial Day massacre.

WENDELL M. STANLEY, for isolating and identifying certain viruses and establishing their nature as protein molecules, thus promising to do for viruses what Pasteur did for bacteria.

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ROBERT S. and HELEN M. LYND, for their two books about Middletown—the second, published in the past year—which hold the mirror up to American life and show us what is changing in it and what is tenacious.

THURMAN ARNOLD, for the joyous and ironic detachment with which, in "The Folklore of Capitalism," he slaughters some of the most sacred of the sacred cows of a business man's society.

G. A. BORGESE, Italian exile in America, for the passion and insight of his depiction of fascism in "Goliath: The March of Fascism."

ERSKINE CALDWELL and MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, for the text and photographs of "You Have Seen Their Faces," which brings an old and a new art together to illuminate the plight of the share-cropper.

MODERN AGE BOOKS and its president, RICHARD S. CHILDS, for their venture into the field of low-cost books, which has given progressive writers a new mass audience.

HENRY G. ALSBERG, for translating the talents of the WPA writers into the splendid "American Guide Series"; and HALLIE FLANAGAN, for helping to make a dramatic renaissance out of the theater projects of the WPA.

ORSON WELLES, for bringing a new talent and a remarkably fresh eye to the American theater, and especially for his production of "Julius Caesar."

MARC BLITZSTEIN, for "The Cradle Will Rock," which opens new reaches for the musical play as social satire.

PETER BLUME, for his canvas The Eternal City, which brings the best of the painting tradition to the anti-fascist cause.

JORIS IVENS and his associates, for filming and producing "Spanish Earth"; and PARE LORENTZ and the Farm Security Administration, for their documentary film, "The River."

The Loyalists Push Ahead

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Barcelona, December 13

THREE days ago sixty-one rebel airplanes went out to bomb and machine-gun the government's lines on the Aragon front. They were flying in broken formation. Seizing instantaneous advantage of this tactical blunder, forty republican fighters took to the air, and in a few minutes nine Nazi and Italian planes came hurtling to the ground, among them several new German Messerschmitts, which can do 375 miles an hour on the dive. The Loyalists lost one machine. Its pilot jumped out when its wings were punctured, and as he descended in his parachute the Fascist heroes machine-gunned him.

Aviation plays a decisive role in the Spanish war. On the northern front, and particularly in the Bilbao attack, the militiamen stuck to their trenches bravely while enemy bombers rained torpedoes and shrapnel on them ten, sometimes twenty, times a day. If on a morning following a raid they awoke to find the sky clear, their nerves cracked and they surrendered. They couldn't stand it another day. Franco has been on the offensive ever since the war started because he has had the planes and artillery with which to smash the republic's defense before sending his infantry to assault and capture. He has benefited, too, from the republic's green soldiery and bad officer cadres. These handicaps are being wiped out.

The north succumbed because it was politically unorganized and poorly supplied with airplanes. But since November, 1936, Franco has not recorded a single victory in the central core of Spain—except Malaga, which was practically handed to him last February by disloyal or incompetent generals. The government, on the other hand, launched the Brunete offensive in July, the Belchite attack in September, and now has captured Teruel.

The republican army is already 650,000 strong. More important, perhaps, than its mere size is the fact that 140,000 Loyalist soldiers are in the reserve. Until a short time ago all the government's trained men were in the line. This meant that if the rebels pushed hard against any given point it could only be reinforced at the expense of some other sector. Franco always had a reserve, or "army of maneuver" as Foch called it; it gave him the mobility which has characterized his campaigns. He could rush units from one front to another without endangering any of his positions. The government can match that now. During November and December only second-class brigades held the lines, while the best divisions were in the rear, resting or receiving more training.

Today a further factor intervenes to diminish Franco's initial superiority. The government is intensifying armament production, and in the last several months domestic output has begun to tell. The republic's factories are turning out 3,000 kilograms of powder a day. On April 1, according to plan, the government will make all the explosives it needs. The bulk of the Loyalist army's rifle and machine-gun ammunition and many of its shells are manufactured at home. The most encouraging development is in the field of airplane production. In December, 1937, the government's plants are yielding twenty-five fighting planes. These copies of the famous Soviet "Chatos" are as good as the Russian model, fly side by side with them, and are indistinguishable from them. The majority are piloted by young Spaniards, daring sometimes to the point of recklessness. By February, 1938, the Loyalist factories will be making two Chatos a

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day, and in March the daily output will be increased by one-half a Fokker pursuit machine and one-half a Fokker fighter, which carries a supply of light bombs. The factories have all the raw materials they require until June. Italy and Germany must seriously reduce their own aviation fleets to enable Franco to cope with this new Spanish armada of the air. "If we had 300 more planes we could win the war," a government leader said to me the other afternoon. In six or seven months, losses subtracted, he will probably have them.

All the time, however, the Fascist invaders continue to pour in more men and war material of ever better quality. Germany, especially, is using Spain as a testing ground for new arms equipment. The Reichswehr, moreover, has had a huge personnel turnover in Spain. A maximum number of its officers serve their apprenticeship in the "little war." The Germans are relatively few in number but their penetration is the more insidious. It extends, too, to Portugal and Morocco. Mussolini wanted to finish the war by a crushing blow immediately after the northern front collapsed, and his assistance was correspondingly augmented. Yet the end is nowhere in sight. The war will probably go on until 1939.

The Spanish conflict has thus become a strange and revealing historic phenomenon. Actually the Spanish Republic is fighting half of Spain, Germany, and Italy single-handed. The U. S. S. R. saved it between October, 1936, and May, 1937, when, deserted by its armed forces and caught unprepared, it would but for foreign aid have fallen an easy prey to world fascism. At present the Spanish people have mobilized their resources and men and pursue the battle with mounting vigor and enthusiasm.

This proves two things: first, a united people, defending its independence and inspired, above all, by a faith in social change no longer deferrable, is difficult to conquer. Second, fascism is weak. Something must be pretty rotten in Francoland if he has not been able to win with all the help the Fascists have lent him. Terror will establish "order," but it cannot compel loyalty. The wholly Moorish or Italian garrisons of rebel towns are arousing resentment. Lately more and more authentic reports tell of hostility between Falange Fascists and Monarchists. This friction reflects the dilemma of Franco's foreign relations. German and Italian aid has failed to bring him final triumph. There is an alternative combination—England and monarchy. That would spell his doom, yet circumstances may force him to try it. The little *Caudillo,* or Führer, has announced that he proposes to return a Bourbon prince to the Spanish throne, and the Duke of Alba and other land-owning royalists are back in favor.

Winston Churchill several weeks ago wrote in the London *Evening Standard* that since the legal government was strong in its territory and Franco in his, both factions ought to unite under a king. Churchill's genius ruins his common sense. A child in politics could remind him that Alfonso XIII departed, unmourned, after a peaceful municipal election. The monarchy has few friends. The Falange is as anti-monarchist as the Loyalists, and if Franco betrayed it and Italy and Germany as well, his life would not be worth much. Meanwhile, in any case, Franco's monarchist pronouncements and the rise of the discarded feudal gentry to greater power must provoke the suspicion and ire of the Fascists and of the innumerable republicans in rebel Spain. This situation probably accounts, in part, for the postponement of the rebel offensive which Franco began to advertise as imminent immediately after the fall of the Asturias in October, and which, he said, would finish the war in short notice. Queipo de Llano, the broadcasting Seville general, has been saying that he understands "the impatience which the brevity of the official military communiqués provokes in the souls of my listeners. Let them be patient. The hour of the deliverance of all Spain is perhaps nearer than one would suppose." Maybe. This pronouncement, with others like it, indicates that the rebels are worried by the war fatigue of their subjects. Several times Franco has promised an early peace. The French government obtained access a few weeks ago to German secret-service reports from Salamanca. Since then it takes a more optimistic view of Loyalist prospects.

There was every reason for Franco to try to strike a decisive blow. The moment Gijon fell he concentrated all his man-power, artillery, and air force in eastern, central, and southern Spain. That did not take more than two weeks. Germany and Italy are eager to see the end. If they swallow Spain, Germany will be free to launch the next adventure, Czechoslovakia, Austria—but who can guess? The expense of prolonged intervention in Spain, moreover, weighs heavily upon Italy. Fighting goes on in Abyssinia. Protest strikes and a revolt in Sicily are the new Roman Empire's first harvest.

France has now adopted a definitely pro-Loyalist policy. It is worried about its imperial lines of communication with North Africa and fears being surrounded by fascist aggressor states. The Cagoulard affair showed even the extreme pro-rebel right that foreign fascist influence is not limited to Iberia. The new French stand strengthens the Spanish Republic and raises the price of intervention for Germany and Italy. Poor Spain is sapping the vitality of world fascism. Should China resist as long as Spain has, the international outlook would grow much brighter. Russia, France, and England are helping China with arms. If the non-fascist, status quo, pacifist nations got together, the unholy triple alliance of territory-grabbing pirates could be stopped. Spain's heroic fight has made this a concrete possibility.

The Spanish people are paying heavily for the privilege of fighting the world's battle against fascism, paying not merely in dead, wounded, and captured, in the daily nervous strain, and in destroyed wealth, but in unrelieved undernourishment. This is serious, and here at least outside friends can do something. The government has large funds, but if the war is to last another year, food imports must be curtailed so that arms and materials for making arms can be bought abroad. Franco has been receiving credits from big American and British companies. The democratically elected government, however, meets its bills in cash. It is forced to economize, and the population suffers.

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Public Housing Today

BY MARQUIS CHILDS

EVEN to approach the problem of low-cost housing, however objectively, is to become confused by the tangled thicket of controversy that has grown up around this vital question. Any appraisal of what has been done in the past is almost certain to be clouded by a fog of factional argument. And certainly the future of housing is jeopardized by the bitterness that has been engendered over what is a fundamental reform. But because the situation is changing so rapidly it is important to try to analyze the failure of the New Deal, up to the present, to provide mass low-cost housing.

By Georges Schreiber

Secretary Ickes

What has been done, it is obvious, merely demonstrates that government can build adequate houses and apartments with generous subsidies. The achievement thus far is no more than a salesman's sample, as those concerned with past housing programs readily acknowledge. Only about 30,000 dwelling units have been built during the past four and a half years. PWA's housing division built 21,800 units in large apartment houses in major cities of the country. The Resettlement Administration has completed or will soon complete 5,995 units of the "farmstead" type and 2,133 units in three suburban projects. Measured against the need this is nothing. In New York City alone it is conservatively estimated that 500,000 families live in substandard dwellings. And New York is no exception among the cities of America.

Why is it that with millions of words about housing from every conceivable source, the New Deal has failed so conspicuously in this department? The first and most obvious reason, of course, is that until the Wagner-Steagall Act there was no direct attempt to build low-cost dwellings. Before the Wagner Act housing was confused with relief, with the problem of stranded farmers, with public works. It attempted to sneak in by the back door, and if anything is clear as a result of past experience it is that this is impossible. Yet private capital cannot build for the underprivileged third of the population. Government must do the job.

When the public-works program was first assigned to him, under an act that referred in a few words to the construction of low-cost houses, Secretary of the Interior Ickes attempted to encourage limited-dividend housing projects, to be built with government loans up to 80 per cent of the value of the project. It was soon apparent that this method was impractical, and Mr. Ickes switched to a system of direct subsidies, ultimately fixed at 45 per cent of the total cost, paid out of relief funds at his disposal. But it was still a question whether these subsidized apartments were to be built by PWA's own housing division or under the supervision of local housing authorities. And it is this issue of centralization versus decentralization which divides housing advocates today into two hostile camps.

So far as Mr. Ickes's public record goes, he has been in favor of a decentralized program for a long time. But he insisted in his early dealings with the two or three housing authorities then in existence that the PWA act left him no alternative but to construct those projects, houses as well as bridges and dams, sought by communities that lacked sufficient funds to provide collateral for government loans. He had a long and acrimonious dispute with the Housing Authority in New York City. Officials there resented Mr. Ickes's suspicion of the honesty of the community. In his turn the federal Administrator charged the New York Authority with inefficiency and delay, the very accusations that had been brought against the PWA Housing Division during preliminary preparations for the Williamsburg project. On both sides there was complete distrust.

Mr. Ickes tried the method of centralization for four years, and as is now generally recognized, it proved inadequate. The very fact that the federal government was in charge raised not only land costs but construction costs. Long delays contributed to the mounting costs as prices of building materials advanced from depression lows. Scrupulously insistent on approving each project, each contract, Mr. Ickes found that his desk became inevitably a bottleneck impeding the flow of the vast amount of documentation necessary in such a large-scale job, and this despite the fact that he worked to the point of exhaustion month in and month out.

There were long and harassing delays over the acquisition of sites for the approved projects. The right of the federal government to condemn land for housing was finally challenged, and a Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that the Housing Division did not have such power. It

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was a serious blow and for a time threatened to paralyze not only the public-works program but other New Deal activities. Confronted with this obstacle, PWA had to call upon local authorities to acquire sites. (The courts of New York and Kentucky had previously upheld the right of those states to condemn land for housing, and since then there have been similar decisions in other states.) Legal action was not the only cause of delay. When purchasing agents for PWA's Housing Division came into a locality, land prices were immediately pushed up if word of the presence of these benefactors from Washington got out. Various stratagems had to be employed if the government was not to pay four or five times the value of the land. In Washington the confusion of motives that made housing merely incidental to the vaster problem of relief constantly hampered the work of the Housing Division. Twice after allocations had been decided upon and projects had been approved, relief emergencies arose and funds were suddenly withdrawn from PWA.

Given comparatively high land costs, high building costs, and a subsidy of only 45 per cent of the total, it was inevitable that rentals would have to be placed at a figure beyond the budget of slum dwellers. The rent at the Techwood project in Atlanta is $7.39 a room a month, at Parklawn in Milwaukee, $7.46; and even though it is argued that these rents, with services included, are equivalent to the average charge of $5 a room in a large city tenement, they are too high. That is why Nathan Straus, the new head of the Housing Authority created by the Wagner Act, acted to write off $134,000,000 of the government's investment in PWA housing; an investment that was represented by the loans, up to 55 per cent of the total, advanced to finance housing projects. Only with this written off, according to Mr. Straus, could the PWA projects, under the terms of the Wagner Act, become real low-rent housing, with average rentals of $5, $5.50, and $6 a room.

In accordance with the terms of the Wagner Act Mr. Straus has based his program on the principle of decentralization. He has called in representatives of housing authorities in about thirty states and has encouraged them to submit detailed applications at the earliest possible moment by earmarking funds for them for a limited time. He has conferred at length with these local officials and sought the aid of several of the most capable members of PWA's housing staff, as well as of others outside the old set-up. The local authorities have gone home to prepare their plans, and Mr. Straus is optimistic that final allocations can be approved by the President within a relatively short time. Mr. Straus's associates profess to be unafraid of the possibilities of graft inherent in granting localities so large a degree of autonomy. There will be graft, they say, but it will be small and, in comparison with the gain in speed and cheapness of construction, unimportant.

It would be foolish, of course, to assume that this shift of policy will remove all obstacles. Mr. Straus faces an extremely difficult task. For one thing, the local housing authorities have to a certain extent become indifferent as a result of their long enforced inactivity. Having no function, they lapsed into lifelessness. To revive these bodies will not be easy. Mr. Straus did not make his task any less difficult by appointing a labor adviser from the ranks of the American Federation of Labor, thereby immediately precipitating a C. I. O.–A. F. of L. quarrel. It will take all his tact and all his energy to push through his program within anything like the period that is now being suggested.

Certainly Mr. Straus should be allowed to make a test of his method unhampered by sniping from the centralization school. His friends in New York and Washington believe that from the first moment of his appointment he has been the victim of a campaign of persecution, and behind this campaign they see the figure of Mr. Ickes himself. This, it is scarcely necessary to add, Mr. Ickes denies, though it is no secret that he opposed the appointment of Mr. Straus. The quarrel between them goes back to the ancient dispute between PWA's Housing Division and the New York Authority, of which Mr. Straus was formerly a member. And it involves practically everyone who has even the vaguest ideas about housing. That there has been a campaign to discredit Mr. Straus no one can doubt. Certain newspapers have printed a series of articles dwelling on his unfitness, suggesting that he will speedily hang himself, and in general preparing the way for his early exit. Senator Vandenberg was provided with ammunition for use against Mr. Straus's Hillside housing project, ammunition which apparently was all wet, for the Senator backed down as soon as Mr. Straus appeared before the committee considering his fitness. Shortly afterward the Senate confirmed Mr. Straus.

Mr. Ickes now takes a position of calm detachment. He will not, he has made it clear, participate in any way in the Straus program, even though the Wagner Act gives him, as Public Works Administrator, "general supervision" over the new Housing Authority. It is apparently his private conviction that Mr. Straus is bound to fail, and he will not shed any tears about it. That his attitude may delay a real start on a program of low-cost housing is also apparently no concern of his. If his employees have been campaigning against Mr. Straus, he will discipline them. Further than that he will not go.

Mr. Straus's supporters are extremely bitter. Too often they talk about the future in terms of past failures and past feuds. If there is something wrong with Hillside, something far worse, they suggest, is wrong with PWA's purchase of the Anacostia site in the District of Columbia. It is possible that an investigation might show irregularities; it might show that prices paid for land were too high. That has been a persistent rumor in Washington for many months. But it is certain that an investigation at this time would discredit the cause of low-cost housing by government, whatever else it might accomplish. Anyone who continues to foment this quarrel, on either side, is deliberately impeding action that has been disastrously delayed. To continue to berate Mr. Ickes for his failure to decentralize the housing program is worse than futile. To try to discredit Mr. Straus, from whatever motive, is stupid. He has been appointed, he has

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been confirmed, he has powerful friends in Washington and New York. Obviously he cannot be blasted out of office without serious damage to the program he has undertaken. What is more, the campaign against him will serve as an excellent alibi if he fails. He can say, and with a sufficient show of facts to make his case plausible, that he was seriously hampered in starting his program by the jealous factionalism and obstructionist tactics of rival bureaucrats.

Mr. Straus has frankly recognized the serious handicaps that must be overcome if low-cost dwellings are to be built under the new law. The major one is the provision in the act that local housing authorities must put up 10 per cent of the capital cost of a project. Most of the cities are so broke that they would be hard put to find 1 per cent. But they can find, or at least Mr. Straus is of the opinion that they can find, their share of the annual subsidy which under the law is to represent the difference between the economic rent and the social rent. It is here that Mayor LaGuardia enters the controversy raging around Mr. Straus. He has proposed that the 10 per cent be raised from private sources by bonds that would be issued against a first mortgage on the completed project. Mr. Straus has replied, rightly it would seem, that it is unreasonable to jeopardize the government's 90 per cent stake and the implied guaranty of low rentals in order to induce private business to put up 10 per cent. It is possible, Mr. Straus has intimated, that a legislative remedy must be sought.

Mayor LaGuardia's refusal to allow representatives of the New York Housing Authority to attend the Straus conferences, intended as a spectacular gesture, appeared merely petulant. If the Mayor expected to make political capital from this gesture, he must have been bitterly disappointed. In the old days Mayor LaGuardia berated Mr. Ickes and his semicolon boys; now he turns his fire on Mr. Straus. On the horizon is 1940, and Mr. Ickes and the Mayor find themselves in the same camp.

The funds made available under the Wagner Act will allow hardly more than a good start. With the total amount named in the bill, $526,000,000, optimistic persons estimate that not more than 150,000 dwelling units can be constructed, and only $300,000,000 of this sum is available in the first two years that the act is operative. This is not a time for factional dissension. All persons interested in the problem must unite if housing is to be anything more than a word badly abused by different sets of politicians.

Greek Tragedy and Modern Politics

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

ONE of the recurring motifs of Greek tragedy is the hero's deeper involvement in his fate through his very efforts to extricate himself from it. Thus in the Oedipus cycle the father of Oedipus is warned that his son will kill him. To avert this fate he exposes the new-born infant to the weather, but the boy is rescued by a kindly shepherd, and is brought to maturity by a foster-father, whom he regards as his real father. Fearful of becoming guilty of his supposed father's death, the youth flees from home, only to come into deadly encounter with his real father on the way. In the same manner the sons of Oedipus seek to avoid the curse which their father has pronounced upon them by ruling their kingdom alternately, a policy which leads to civil war and the very consequence of mutual destruction which they sought to avoid.

The modern international situation offers abundant proof of the profound insight into human tragedy of the Greek dramatists. They were not writing melodrama but were interpreting history, including that of modern times. The history of our era seems to move in tragic circles, strangely analogous to those presented symbolically in Greek tragedy. The democratic nations of the world are involving themselves more inexorably in world catastrophe by their very efforts to avert or to avoid it.

The political tension of the modern world is created by the aggressive attitude of the so-called have-not nations, the hungry powers, which happen also to be the fascist powers. The defenders of the status quo are the more or less satisfied nations, which happen also to be the protagonists of democracy.

History does not justify simple moral judgments. To regard the democratic nations as "good" because they are seeking to preserve peace does not mean that we can hold them guiltless in their relation to the whole chain of vicious circles which constitutes recent history. The fury of the hungry nations is partly the evil fruit of the vindictiveness of the victorious nations. The fact that the defenders of the status quo are also the defenders of democracy reveals the ambiguous character of the struggle. Nevertheless, we may forget the past for the moment and record only the obvious fact that the fascist powers, chiefly Japan, Germany, and Italy, have forms of government which can exist only by threat and aggression. Their whole economy is subordinated to their military objectives and can justify itself only if it can achieve imperial aims commensurate with their desperate martial preparations.

Yet none of these nations want a major war. All are too poor to bear the burden of a long conflict. What they want is to be left alone by the powerful nations while they devour lesser nations in their vicinity. Thus Japan is at war with China. But it is a war into which it would not have dared to venture if it had not known that the

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democratic powers would not interfere. Italy hopes to gain virtual control of Spain and has further African ambitions. Germany's immediate objective is Czechoslovakia, then probably Austria, and a semi-political, semi-economic Danubian empire, to which Czechoslovakia and Austria are the gateways.

The economic weakness of the fascist powers determines their diplomacy. They bluff the dominant powers into acquiescence to their still minor military exploits by threatening to involve the world in war if their objectives are not granted. They can afford to engage in these bluffs because they do not have to consider the public fear of war which places a check upon the maneuvers of statesmen in democratic nations. It is, for instance, a fairly well-established fact that when Germany militarized the Rhineland it averted French and English intervention by threatening to retaliate with a terrible aerial bombardment. Germany knew very well at that time that it was not prepared for a war against France and England. But an after-us-the-deluge recklessness proved to be a successful type of diplomacy. It is, in fact, this "gangster" diplomacy which has obtained one diplomatic triumph after another for the fascist nations. It would of course be naive to distinguish this type of diplomacy too sharply from that traditionally engaged in by all the nations, for diplomacy has never lacked this element of bluff. Nevertheless, governments less obviously constructed for a desperate hour and with some sense of responsibility for the future, whether they be democratic or monarchial, are embarrassed by inhibitions which the new dictatorships lack completely.

Two recent events prove how successfully fascist diplomacy still functions. The Brussels conference was called to see what could be done about Japanese aggression in China. It adopted a vigorous resolution of condemnation but could do no more than that. It was, in fact, such a dismal failure that the question arises why the powers allowed it to be called at all; for the impotence of the democratic nations is obvious enough without advertising it through the breakdown of a world conference. Probably it was called because Britain and the United States hoped to maneuver each other into taking the lead in some kind of action. Each was willing to follow the lead of the other, but neither was willing to accept the risks of leadership.

In the conversations between Lord Halifax and Hitler, prompted by the world situation but obviously centering in the problem of Czechoslovakia, it is not known exactly what was said, but it is fairly certain that the conversations did not change the relations between Germany and Britain. Britain would like to dissuade Germany from the ventures it seems bound to make in Central Europe by offering various minor compensations. But the one thing it will not do is to declare that it will support France in opposition to Germany if Germany invades Czechoslovakia or destroys it by fomenting a rebellion of the German minority. Just as in 1914, Britain wishes to reserve its decision. The tragedy is that because of this very uncertainty the Germans will probably be tempted to make their venture, hoping for British neutrality. But it is also highly probable that Britain will have to come into the struggle just as it did in 1914. Germany's dream of a Mitteleuropa has disquieting similarities to the old Berlin-to-Bagdad imperial thrust. Britain's only alternative to war would be to come to terms with Germany and Italy in a kind of imperial partnership in which the junior partners would accept their subordinate position only so long as they felt themselves not yet ready to kick the senior partner out. Nothing is clearer, in short, than that the desperate effort of Britain to stay out of a Continental war will help to precipitate a conflict in which it must inevitably become involved once the war is begun.

Just as Britain tries to make itself believe that it does not belong to the Continent, we in the United States try to make ourselves believe that we do not belong to the world. We could stay out of a world conflict a little longer than Britain, just as we did in 1914, but not much longer. Fearing to be drawn in ourselves, we shall contribute by our irresponsibility toward world affairs to an overt expression of the world's anarchy in which we must become involved. The tragic circle will be completed for both Great Britain and America. France, more desperate and contemplating the prospect of being reduced to an insignificant role in European affairs, is undoubtedly more ready to act than the other nations. But it will be throwing discretion to the winds if it acts without previous pledges of support from its former allies. It may do this; a desperate action on the part of France may actually precipitate the world war. But for the moment French diplomacy is securely tied to the apron strings of the British Foreign Office.

Why are the democratic nations so tragically committed to this dance of death? One answer is that the democratic nations are also the great capitalistic nations. Their economic power, which alone would be sufficient, if artfully applied, to stop the fascist ventures, is not wholly on the side of democracy, or even wholly on the side of the imperial interests of these nations. A social war happens to cross the international conflict just as it did in the days when Athens and Sparta fought for the hegemony of Greece. The dominant financial groups in the democratic nations are afraid that a too vigorous stand against the fascist powers will lead to the spread of communism. At the same time the mystery surrounding Russia and the fear that its perpetual purges indicate some serious loss of inner cohesion and morale have contributed to France's undue dependence upon Britain.

Class interests tend to create centers of sympathy for fascism in every democratic nation. Since democracy is a potential peril to every privileged class, this is not altogether surprising. But it is strange that the dominant economic groups should be such poor defenders of their imperial interests. In Britain Winston Churchill upbraided the government in the closing days of the last Parliament for allowing Franco to mount guns leveled at Gibraltar; and Lloyd George inquired, in the opening days of the new Parliament, whether Spanish guns on

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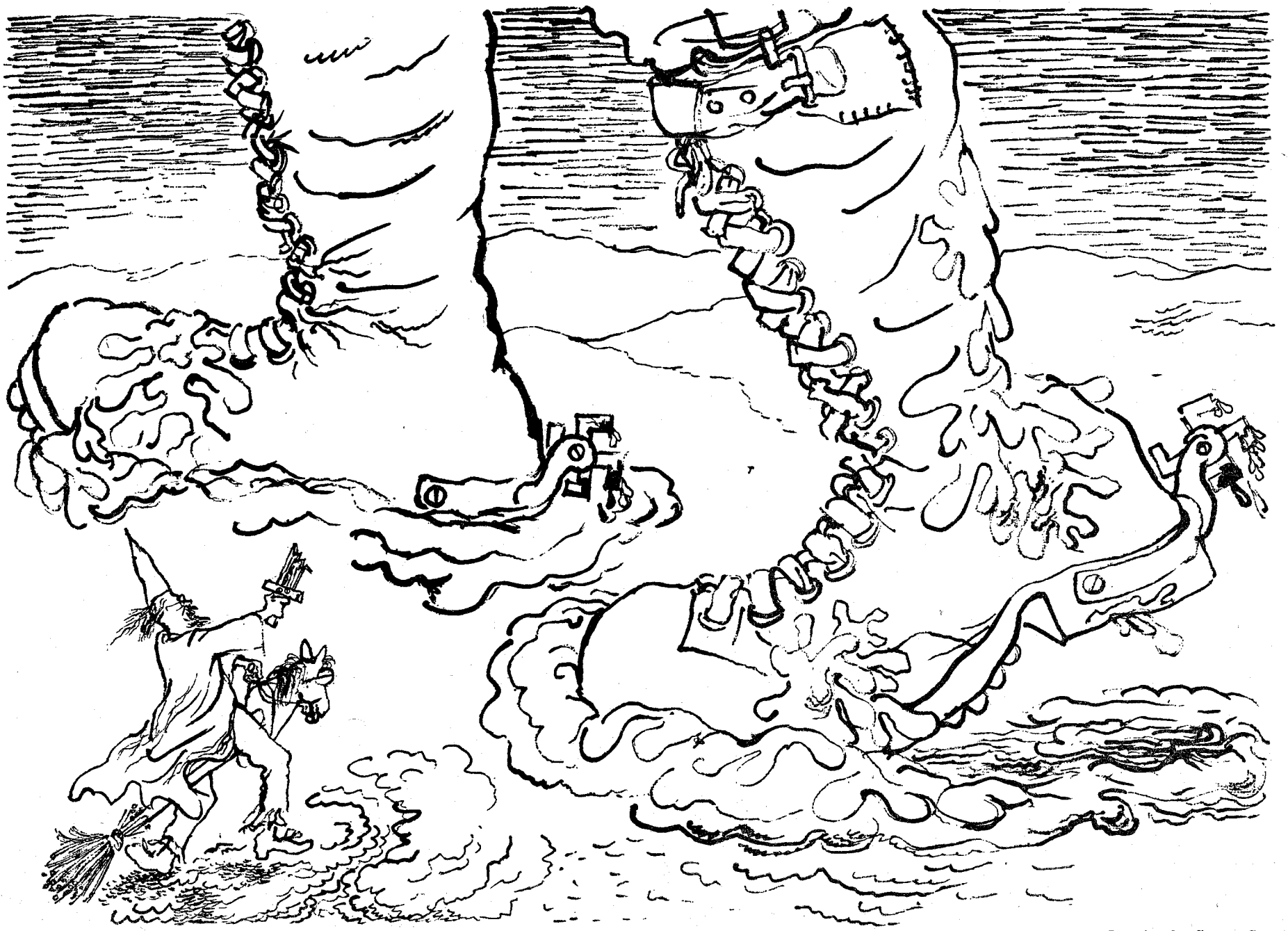

Courtesy of the Black Sun Press

The Voice of Reason

Drawing by George Grosz

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the coast were not a menace to British ships in the Mediterranean. When the ministry answered that the ships could be protected by smoke screens, Lloyd George taunted the government for leaning upon so slender a reed. "We have become," said a leader of the Labor Party facetiously, "the champions of empire against the Tories." These incidents reveal to what degree the interests of a ruling class have become incompatible with the total interests of the empire which it built and upon which it must rely for its continuance.

Perhaps this incompatibility spells the doom of the British Empire. For, while the interests of a ruling oligarchy are never wholly compatible with the total interests of the nation or empire, complete incompatibility is an omen of decay and death. It is this contradiction between imperial interests and Tory class interests which alone makes explicable the duplicity and deviousness of British policy in regard to Spain. Britain does not want the Loyalists to win because its capitalistic interests would suffer if Spain had a radical government; it does not want Franco to win because Italian imperialism would thereby be fastened on the Iberian Peninsula. Hence the British Foreign Office equivocates with endless non-intervention proposals, each more transparently dishonest than the last.

It would be erroneous, however, to attribute the ineptitude of the democratic powers wholly to the influence of the capitalistic groups within these nations. Democracy itself it at a disadvantage in dealing with dictators. It is not easy to convince the general public that the risk involved in calling the bluff of the dictators is a justified risk. The general electorate can hardly be expected to have a clear understanding of the nation's fateful involvement in the total world problem. In America, for instance, any scheme of collective security would probably be opposed more vigorously by a Middle Western farmer than by an Eastern banker.

The general public not only does not see the total picture which alone can justify the risks democratic nations must take, but gives itself to moralistic illusions about the nature of politics. It fondly hopes that generosity toward dictators will assuage their appetites, instead of merely giving them occasion for regarding "liberal" democracy as a craven and corrupt form of government which they have a mission to destroy. The saintly George Lansbury, erstwhile leader of the British Labor Party, is the perfect symbol of this moral hope. He thinks that he can dissolve the dynamics of fascism by personal conferences with Hitler and Mussolini. Norman Davis expressed a somewhat similar moralism when he voiced the hope at the Brussels conference that a way would be found to settle international disputes without force.

Since politics in general and international politics in particular spell a contest of power in which moral arguments alone have never dissuaded a nation from a desired course of action, this simple moralism of the democratic peoples represents a rather naive application of principles drawn from the observation of individual behavior to the problem of collective behavior. This is a natural error of individuals who have made no careful study of and have no direct contact with the problems of statecraft. In the present moment it serves some of the ruling oligarchies very well. During the Italian-Ethiopian crisis the do-nothing policy of the Tories was admirable supported by the pacifist hopes of labor and the church people. Thus an illusion of the democratic classes serves to accentuate the equivocation of the plutocratic classes in our modern democracies.

In one sense the simple moralism of the democratic nations is not so much the illusion of untutored individuals as the error of a whole culture. All the democratic nations are informed by cultural presuppositions which had their rise in eighteenth-century rationalism. This rationalism attributes human wrongdoing to ignorance and holds to the implicit or explicit hope that a general advance of human knowledge will eliminate human conflict by "inculcating in all men the same principles of virtue and goodness," to quote Auguste Comte, the philosopher of positivism. This whole culture analyzes the facts of human nature falsely and fails to understand the organic relation between reason and passion or reason and interest. Its mistakes are particularly apparent in its analysis of collective behavior, but it is equally mistaken in its estimate of individuals. The fact is that even individuals are more persistently egotistic and use their cultural and spiritual achievements as instruments of egotism more generally than the culture of modernity realizes.

It is significant that the fascist nations have broken with this "liberal" culture as completely as they have rejected democratic politics. Broadly speaking, they follow Nietzsche's romantic glorification of power as self-justifying. Having disavowed the nation's responsibility for any so-called "universal" values, they feel able to destroy the last vestiges of a universal European culture without a qualm of conscience. Their unqualified rejection of universal values in history leads to a cruel nihilism, just as the too simple moralism, rationalism, and universalism of the "liberal" nations lead them into hypocrisy in assessing their own actions and ambitions, and to false hopes when they estimate the probable actions of their opponents.

History would add a cruel irony to the tragedy of the self-destruction of modern democracies if it developed that what is still left of a universal culture and an ordered civilization could not protect itself against moral nihilism and political anarchy because a liberal civilization had assessed the weight of morality in politics too highly. All political justice is achieved by coercing the anarchy of collective self-interest into some kind of decent order by the most attainable balance of power. Such a balance, once achieved, can be stabilized, embellished, and even, on occasion, perfected by more purely moral considerations. But there has never been a scheme of justice in history which did not have a balance of power at its foundation. If the democratic nations fail, their failure must be partly attributed to the faulty strategy of idealists who have too many illusions when they face realists who have too little conscience. The false strategy will not be derived purely from the illusions of the idealists about

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their foes but from their illusions about themselves.

It may still be possible for the democracies to escape the vicious circle in which they are caught. But their economic structure as capitalistic nations, their political structure as democratic nations, and their liberal cultural inheritance, all seem to combine to fasten diplomatic ineptitude upon them as an ineluctable fate. They may still have enough power to win a war in which they are involving themselves by trying to avoid it. But they certainly cannot avert the catastrophe which they seek to avoid. They may save themselves in the end, but they seem unable to save civilization.

Only the Cows Are Contented

BY ALAN BARTH

TO PRODUCE milk from contented cows it is necessary to milk the cows twice daily, feed them generously in the months when they are not turned out to pasture, shelter them in spacious barns, and clean the barns carefully every morning. Dairy farmers do this by starting work at 3:30 or 4 a. m. and finishing with the night milking at 6:30 or 7. For these hours of labor they pay their hired hands about $20 a month, plus board and lodging. If they are lucky, they also pay board and lodging to themselves.

However contented the cows may be with this regime, the dairy farmers are exceedingly discontented. They observe that the milk they produce is sold in New York City at about three times the price they get for it. For fifty years they have been fighting the milk dealers for a larger share of the proceeds. They have formed innumerable cooperatives, associations, leagues, and unions, and they have staged an almost continuous series of milk strikes. The strike which is now being carried on by the farmers of the New York City milkshed is under the banner of a new organization, the Dairy Farmers' Union.

When industrial workers strike, they refuse to work. When farmers strike, they go right on working and merely refuse to be paid. The distinction makes a strike peculiarly difficult for farmers to sustain. In the special case of dairy farmers the difficulty is aggravated by the perishable nature of their product. The cows cannot be left unmilked; the milk cannot be kept for more than forty-eight hours. Dairy farmers must either sell their milk or sell their cows.

The choice is a hard one. It has made the milk strike more bitter and destructive than any other kind of strike. When dairy farmers who are withholding their product from the dealers see neighbors continuing to deliver milk at prices boosted by their own sacrifice, they are sometimes moved to violence. They raid delivery trucks and dump their neighbors' milk or pour kerosene into it. The loss is taken, not by the dealers, but by the individual farmers. The result is a ruthless sort of civil war, neighbor fighting neighbor.

It is pathetically futile, this strife among the embattled farmers. They cannot hope by such methods to beat the dealers, whose financial powers of endurance are far greater than their own. Recognizing this fact, the Dairy Farmers' Union has organized a strike which deviates from the customary pattern. It calls its method milk diversion. Although it pickets the plants of dealers who refuse to sign with it, it discourages violence, and it insists that its members withhold their milk from the picketed plants only when it is possible for them to deliver their milk to union plants instead. At the same time it is trying to induce independent dealers who will sign union contracts to open new plants, and to divert the flow of milk to these. This is slower and less dramatic than the usual strike technique, but it saves the farmers from bankruptcy and permits the union to gain strength gradually.

In many localities there are no plants save those of Sheffield and the Dairymen's League, both of which are fighting the union. This is because the League and to a lesser extent Sheffield have followed a policy of buying up independents and closing their creameries. In the whole of Otsego County, for example, where there are fifteen League and Sheffield plants, there is not a single independent fluid-milk creamery. In Oneida County farmers have pooled their resources to build a creamery of their own and have contracted with an independent dealer to buy its output. In Schoharie County business men have joined farmers in trying to bring new creameries into several of the dairy centers. The business men realize that their own prosperity depends on a decent income for the farmers.

Twenty-eight plants have now signed contracts with the union. This is a tiny percentage of the total number required to handle the tremendous supply of milk in New York State, but it does indicate that some of the big company plants have been shut down and that a great deal of milk which formerly went to others has been successfully diverted. The real problem of the Dairy Farmers' Union is to break up the middleman monopoly and reintroduce free competition into the dealer field.

The big three among the milk dealers in New York are Sheffield, Borden, and the Dairymen's League. They constitute what is commonly called the "milk trust," and they used to be referred to as a combination in restraint of trade. Now and then there was even disagreeable talk about invoking the anti-trust laws against them. But all that belongs to the past. They may still constitute a milk trust; but now it is strictly, slickly legitimate.

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This bit of legal legerdemain was made possible by New York State's latest milk law, the Rogers-Allen Act, passed last summer. This law provides for a joint bargaining agency which will fix the prices for milk paid to the producers by the dealers within the New York City milkshed. It sets aside the federal and state laws against monopoly to permit both dealers and producers to bargain collectively. Seemingly, this is fair enough. But there's a catch. Producers' representatives, under the act, are chosen through the producers' cooperatives. Now the largest cooperative is the Dairymen's League. Twenty years ago when it was fighting Borden and Sheffield the League was a very useful instrument to the farmer. But it is fighting them no longer. Today it sells about 80 per cent of its milk to Borden, contracting, in fact, to supply all the milk which the Borden Company requires. In addition, it engages prominently in the distributing business on its own account and owns a great number of milk depots, creameries, and conversion plants. It has become big business, identified with the dealers rather than with the producers in interest. Its members receive even less for their milk than the farmers who sell to Sheffield. Another "producers' " cooperative is the Sheffield Producers' Cooperative Association, a quite unglorified company union which all farmers who sell their milk to Sheffield must join. These two associations pick representatives for the bargaining agency. With the exception of a number of small, bona fide cooperatives, they make up the whole producer representation on the agency. Borden and Sheffield obviously dominate the dealer side of the representation, and through their control of the two principal cooperatives manage to sit on both sides of the board.

The Rogers-Allen Act has another aspect which will bear even closer watching. It provides for the establishment of milk prices on a classification basis. Classification is determined according to the use the dealers decide to make of the milk. Each classification has a different price, the highest price being paid for Class I, which is milk to be sold in fluid form. The farmers have no voice whatever in determining the classification. Until they receive their checks from the dealers at the end of the month they have no way of reckoning how much they will receive, because they have no way of knowing into what classes the dealers will divide their raw product. Their cost of production, of course, remains the same. The farmer's income from milk must be viewed in this light since only about 40 per cent of all milk produced is sold to consumers in fluid form. The rest is converted into ice cream, cheese, butter, condensed milk, evaporated milk, and a variety of other products. Borden and Sheffield are fond of issuing elaborate statements to show what percentage of the consumer's milk dollar goes to the farmer. They neglect to state that their breakdown applies only to milk sold in Class I and therefore gives no indication of what the farmer receives for all the milk he sells.

Consumer organizations, headed by the Milk Consumers' Protective Committee, are warring now against high milk prices. Borden and Sheffield raised the retail price one cent a quart in November. Since last June the retail price has gone up three cents. The successive boosts have been explained as attributable to a milk shortage—which means the dairy farmers' strike. But not all of the three-cent rise has gone to the farmer. Milk is sold by the hundredweight, which is equivalent to about forty-seven quarts. Three cents more a quart, then, means $1.41 more per hundred pounds. The price to the farmers, as determined by the joint bargaining agency, has gone up only ninety-eight cents since last June. The forty-three-cent balance has not yet been explained. Organized consumers understand, however, that the farmer is not to blame for high prices and that he is entitled to a return which will pay his cost of production, plus a reasonable profit. They have determined, therefore, to work toward the establishment of a consumers' cooperative which will eliminate the huge middleman's mark-up.

Another possible solution is to treat milk as a public utility and to set retail prices for its sale. New York's Mayor LaGuardia recently proposed setting up a municipal milk plant as a yardstick, an idea which was incorporated in the American Labor Party's platform. Reliable experts have estimated that milk could be sold in New York for eight cents a quart, five cents of which would go to the farmer and the rest to cover the cost of pasteurizing, bottling, and distributing. The Mayor has in fact just announced a plan to permit independent dealers to sell bottled Grade B milk at nine cents a quart from trucks at ten locations in the city; this is in contrast to the present Sheffield and Borden price of fourteen cents a quart for bottled Grade B milk delivered.

If the Dairy Farmers' Union is successful in raising prices to the producers, it will, of course, extend its influence outside New York. Milk is by far the most important agricultural product in the United States; three million farmers sell it, and one-fourth of the nation's total farm income is derived from it. Since milk, unlike wheat and cotton, is not exported, the present desperate plight of dairy farmers in all portions of the country cannot be ascribed to any loss of foreign markets.

What is most significant about the Dairy Farmers' Union is its application of an industrial-labor technique to the farm. It differs from the cooperatives in that it does not want to put the farmers into the distributing business. Having observed the fate of the Dairymen's League, it does not intend to go in for owning plants or for selling on a cooperative basis. It wants to bargain collectively, not market collectively. It is true that farmers are capitalists in the sense that they have an investment at stake, derive their income from profits rather than from wages, and own land and livestock on which they must reckon taxes, mortgage interest, and depreciation. Nevertheless, like industrial workers, they are real producers of wealth, and their union, like any other labor union, is working toward the transfer of economic power in America from the hands of the few—the middlemen, the dealers—to the hands of the many, the producers.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Can We War on Japan?

TO THIS question the answer is emphatically "No." The army and navy know this and most of the State Department officials, too. The President knows it, for as far back as July 1, 1923, he wrote an article for *Asia* in which he said that, of his own knowledge as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, many officers of both services admitted that in the event of war the Philippines could not be held, although at that time the Japanese fleet was less than half of our paper strength—"the line of communication was too dangerously long." The opinion at that time was that the war would have to be decided not by military measures but by "economic issues." This was the belief, he said, at a time when "offensive operations over long sea distances were less difficult than now." If, he wrote, Japan thought in 1914 that it could attack us through Mexico or direct invasion of the Pacific coast, "it is safe to say that her strategists have now tacitly abandoned such ideas." Speaking of the situation in 1923, he repeated that after the first year or two of hostilities economic causes would become the determining factor. He added:

> Tableau: Japan and the United States, four or five thousand miles apart, making faces at one another across a no-man's-water as broad as the Pacific. Some genius then might arise to ask what it was all about and what the use was of the atrophy of national life and development. . . . If, then, it were realized by the people of this country and of Japan that a war would be a futile gesture attended by no sufficiently compensating results, each nation might be in a fair way to change its apprehensive habit of mind.

This article *Asia* deemed so important that it printed it for a second time in March, 1934.

I have yet to meet army or navy officers who believe that the situation has materially changed since Franklin Roosevelt wrote thus about it. I heard the late Admiral Sims declare that we could not wage war on Japan nor Japan upon us; that if our fleet reached Japan it could only fire a few rounds at the coast and then return to its home base. He was positive in his statement that our fleet could not maintain itself off Japan if it got there, and that the enemy, if he knew his business, would not give battle but stay safely in port until our ships had sailed away. The crux of the whole thing is the absence of a great naval base capable of provisioning, refueling, and repairing the fleet—Manila is too far away, and so is Hongkong if that should be loaned to us. Several high officers of the army express the same view, saying privately that a conquest of Japan is impossible, that we cannot hold the Philippines and could not reconquer them if the Japanese took them. They agree with Franklin Roosevelt that it would take two years to get the war under way, and they scoff at the suggestion that Japan could land and maintain troops upon our soil.

General Johnson Hagood avers that we never on a single day landed enough supplies in France to maintain our army while it was in that country; if this is perhaps an exaggeration, it cannot be very far from the truth. Yet in 1917-18 we had a fleet of more than 3,000 ships carrying our men and supplies across the sea, and they were not seriously molested by the enemy's submarines. No sane man who visualizes the fact that our Pacific coast is more than twice as far from Japan as our Atlantic coast is from France, and realizes how limited are the Japanese supplies of oil and gasoline and how small is the Japanese merchant fleet, can contend that we are in danger of invasion by the Japanese. Moreover, to move an army across seas today would require one-third more ships than in 1917 because of the increased size and number of the cannon, tanks, motor vehicles of every description, shells, and airplanes necessary for a modern expeditionary force. The Japanese have shown extraordinary organizing ability and amazed military men by the way they have provisioned and supplied with ammunition their many columns in China. But the job of landing in America would be beyond their genius or that of any other country.

But we are told that we must not say this; that it is wrong for the peace societies to talk about a war referendum, about our being unwilling ever to go to war, not because the President and the Cabinet want to go to war but because they want to keep up the bluff that they may have to do so—the kind of stuff that Alf Landon telegraphed to the President. The peace lovers are accused of dividing the nation when it ought to be presenting a united front. We are supposed to keep quiet and not say what we think and what the American people want, namely, no war in the Pacific under any consideration. How absurd to demand this policy of us! It immediately makes the Administration as much a dictator of our minds as Hitler is of the German mind or Mussolini of the Italian. Moreover, the representatives of those countries know perfectly well how our people feel. You can't choke off debate in Congress. The Japs can find out how the American people are thinking without any difficulty. They know what Franklin Roosevelt wrote in *Asia* in 1923, and they know that there have been no changes in relative armaments or in new types of war vessels to make any important change in the situation in 1937.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Scope of Graphic Art

SIX CENTURIES OF FINE PRINTS. By Carl Zigrosser. Covici-Friede. $5.

DESPITE its flaws, Mr. Zigrosser's book is a unique and important one. No other volume grasps the subject of graphic art as broadly and inclusively as it does. Its closest parallels, Ivins's "Fine Prints and Books" and the encyclopedic studies of the French and Germans—Rosenthal's, Bock's, Glaser's, and Kristeller's—in one or another way are less completely comprehensive of the origins, the techniques, and the qualities of "the scraps of paper, some old, some new, with curious marks in ink on them, but rare and precious in men's eyes," that are called fine prints. It represents the evolution and the scope of all varieties of the graphic art: the woodcut, the wood-engraving, the color-stencil; metal-engravings, mezzotints, dry-points, stipple-engravings, aquatints, and soft-ground etchings; and stone-rubbings, lithographs, and photographs. Indeed, its title actually belies it. The book covers not six but ten centuries of fine prints, since together with chapters on European and American work it includes one upon the woodcuts of the Orientals; and the Chinese commenced printing from blocks at least as early as the year 868.

The defects to which we have reference are not negligible. One of them resides in the quality of the reproductions, which compose almost a half of the volume. Too many of these are either faint or tantalizingly obscure. Another inheres in the composition of the book as regards the relation of the reproductions to the text. The plates not only are segregated at the volume's end. They are arranged in an order half in accordance with their categories and half with their chronologies, but not in conformation with the progress of the text. Thus the reader continually is obliged to fumble among them for the illustrations to which he has been referred by the author. Again, the very high level of the majority of the exhibits is not thoroughly sustained. Mr. Zigrosser's reasons for including reproductions of certain lithographs among his modern examples might well seem to require further explanation.

His text, on the contrary, is eminently satisfactory. Exhaustive of his subject it possibly is not. But then, no individual's inquiry into the matter of graphic art could reasonably be expected to be. The material's prodigious bulk sets a perfect search beyond his powers. The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris alone contains upward of four million prints. And the numbers of them in existence must be countless. Yet if Mr. Zigrosser's treatment is not exhaustive, neither is it exhausting. His rare grasp of the history of his art, of the circumstances contributing to the development of all its branches and their techniques as well as of the material and aesthetic purposes to which it has lent itself—from the manufacture of playing-cards and religious ikons onward—has been expressed in a lively 90,000-word essay. Above all, his study is finely proportionate. In describing the different feelings which in various centuries have projected themselves through prints, he has not failed to dwell at due length on the individual achievements which are the glories of the graphic cabinets. His main chapters include like so many small brilliants miniature essays on the qualities of the engravings, etchings, and lithographs of Mantegna, Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, Daumier, and many other master-craftsmen.

Hence, "Five Centuries of Fine Prints" ultimately does give us not only a unique picture of the evolution of one of man's chief means of recording his experiences, but an unusual sense of the roots of its peculiar importance. This importance, we see, to an extent derives from the print's extraordinary documentation of the life contemporaneous with it. To an even greater extent, we find it flowing from the capacity of the multitudinous best of its species to evoke, to a degree by no means inferior to that at the command of other types of art, "the entire gamut of the emotions." "They possess uniqueness, magic, a spiritual impress, the stamp of vivid personality, a singing quality of line or mass, some telling economy of expression that satisfies in a flash of immediate comprehension." We recollect that with the print's small key, Rembrandt profoundly unlocked his heart, poignantly gave the world his almost matchless feeling of the divine in life. And we distinguish at last the array of the scarcely lesser men, including at least one living individual, who in the forms of graphic art have imparted a priceless grandeur of experience.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Our Second Bourgeois Revolution

RECONSTRUCTION: THE BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY. By James S. Allen. International Publishers. $2.

THE GREAT LEVELER: THE LIFE OF THADDEUS STEVENS. By Thomas Frederick Woodley. Stackpole Sons. $3.50.

REAL understanding of the economic and social forces which lay behind the Civil War and which came to a head in the years immediately following was long frustrated by passionate sectional animosity and racial prejudice. In attempting to allay sectional animosity such historians as Burgess, Dunning, Rhodes, and others of lesser caliber gave an interpretation of events which beclouded the fundamental issues of the period and contributed to a perpetuation of the myths on which American race prejudice feeds. These historians envisioned the Reconstruction era as a saturnalia of black debauchery aided and abetted by white carpet-baggers from the North and scalawags of the South. They gave a picture of black barbarism bent upon the destruction of Southern white culture. It mattered little to these scientific historians that this culture, even though its harsher features were sometimes softened by the benevolence of the master class, rested in final analysis upon the degradation of human beings.

This interpretation of the Burgess-Dunning-Rhodes school of historiography has been challenged by numerous writers. Of all the recent attacks upon it the most devastating was that of W. E. B. Du Bois. But in his monumental work, "Black Reconstruction," Du Bois was not content to show the falsity of the position of the Burgesses and their followers. He insisted that the Reconstruction governments sym-

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bolized the Negro's struggle not merely to achieve the democratic rights of man but to establish a dictatorship of black labor. Mr. Allen cannot subscribe to this point of view, although he does think that Du Bois's book when taken as a whole is a profound refutation of the distorted accounts of the period. He is right in saying that a dictatorship, whether of black or white labor, was impossible in the post-bellum agrarian South, and that the only dictatorship that existed at this time was that of the triumphant bourgeoisie represented in Congress by the Committee of Fifteen. The purpose of this dictatorship was to consolidate the power of Northern finance and industry and completely liquidate the old slave-holding oligarchy.

Mr. Allen maintains that the black masses aimed to establish nothing more or less than democracy in the former slave states. Although emancipated only yesterday, they knew that democracy signified something more than office holding, the right to vote, equality before the law, and even civil liberty. It meant the right to property. Despite their ignorance the Negroes knew that without an economic basis their rights as free men were virtually meaningless. The economic foundation of their democracy was land. And their support of the Republican Party was to a very large extent based upon their determination to prevent a reassertion of the economic power of the plantation masters and their belief that the federal government would confiscate the large estates of the former slave-holders and divide them among the landless. To many professional historians the "forty acres and a mule" slogan of the black peasantry has been only a source of amusement. But Mr. Allen thinks that it gives us the main clue to the Negro's ambition and at the same time guides us in understanding the dominating forces of our second bourgeois revolution.

Because of their hunger for the land many of the former slaves, according to Mr. Allen, not only seized the land but defended their occupancy against the bayonets of federal troops. This was especially true of the Sea Islanders on the coast of South Carolina. One will search in vain, however, for any articulation of this demand for land in the speeches and writings of the Negro leaders of the time. The reason is not hard to discover. The demand of the masses for land could not be satisfied on any appreciable scale except by the confiscation of the former slave-holders' property. Nothing was more abhorrent to respectable Negro reformers like Douglass, Cardoza, Delaney, Pinchback, Bruce, and Langston. These lawyers, journalists, and politicians aspired to emulate the principles and ideals of the conservative rather than of the revolutionary bourgeois. All they wished to achieve for the Negro was equal citizenship by constitutional methods, and in this respect they were the forerunners of the present-day leaders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It was this outlook which caused Langston and Douglass unwittingly to sabotage the attempt of the National Labor Congress to bridge the gap between white and black labor directly after the Civil War.

The one man who insisted upon confiscation to the bitter end was Thaddeus Stevens, leader of the Radical Republicans. From Mr. Woodley's appraisal one is likely to make the mistake of attributing Stevens's leveling disposition and his unexplained relation with his mulatto housekeeper simply to an ingrained sympathy with the weak and defenseless, bred by his physical deformity. Stevens's radicalism, like that of all revolutionary figures, was no doubt deeply psychoanalytical in origin. But a diagnosis of his subconscious springs of action hardly reveals his stature or his wisdom.

In assuming the leadership of the Radical Republicans, Stevens knew that without confiscation Negro suffrage, even when backed by the federal army, could not establish democracy in the South. His advocacy of this Jacobin measure was supported by neither the radicals nor the conservatives in the Republican Party. Both radical and conservative Republicans represented the interests of the industrial bourgeoisie of the North. The confiscation and division of property ran counter to their conception of democracy. Besides, it would establish a dangerous precedent. At first the conservatives were reluctant even to enfranchise the Negro. But they soon realized that the slave power was to be annihilated and legislation in the interest of Northern business effected only with the aid of the Negro vote. Thus they united with the radicals under Stevens's leadership to bestow political and civil equality upon the emancipated slaves. As soon as the dominance of Northern industry and finance was assured, neither wing of the party had further use for the Negro, who was gradually shorn of power and disfranchised.

Mr. Allen views the economic and political aftermath of the Civil War in the perspective of Marx's class theory of society; but it is gratifying that this incisive and simply written analysis is not marred as was his earlier work, "The Negro Question in the United States," by the attempt to apply the doctrinaire formulas of the Comintern to the problems of this country. Mr. Woodley's book, a revision of an earlier work on Stevens, supplements Mr. Allen's. While mainly factual and at times a little dull, it is a sympathetic treatment of the life of that much-maligned man who realized, perhaps better than any of his contemporaries, that the paramount issue in Reconstruction politics was the institution of democracy in the Southern states.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Shaw as Critic

LONDON MUSIC IN 1888-1889. As Heard by Corno di Bassetto, Later Known as Bernard Shaw. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

THE public will not read collections of newspaper or magazine articles on music, and least of all is it interested in reports of concerts and operas of fifty years ago—that was what American publishers said when I tried to get them to bring out Shaw's "Music in London, 1890-1894." If they were right, then the public will not read his reviews of musical events in 1888 and 1889; it will prefer to read Mr. Downes, Mr. Gilman, Mr. Chotzinoff on events of today. And if that is so, then the public is—to put it very mildly—making a great mistake. The performance of Boito's "Mefistofele" which Shaw wrote about on May 29, 1889, can be of no interest to anyone today; but it provided the occasion for Shaw to observe that Gounod's "Faust" was "a true musical creation, whereas Boito has only adapted the existing resources of orchestration and harmony very ably to his libretto. In short, Gounod has set music to Faust, and Boito has set Faust to music"; and that "the house likes Boito's prologue, in spite of the empty stage and the two ragged holes in a cloth which realize Mr. Harris's modest conception of hell and heaven." This is not the best example but merely the shortest; the fact is that the daily events of the musical season elicited from Shaw a flow of comment on music, on musical performance, on the entire musical scene, that is still among the most discerning, the most revealing, the most enjoyable one can read in any language.

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Read this comment, read the astounding article on a performance of "Il Trovatore" at the end of the book, the equally astounding article on Verdi; they will—or at least they should—kill your taste for the incompetent, the pretentious, the despicable critical performances of today. These are strong terms, but the terms I would like to use are unprintable; and if you suspect me of extravagance read Shaw, whose remarks about his colleagues are as timely as his remarks about "Il Trovatore." Of one, disliked by the others, Shaw wrote:

> He has the force to write individually, originally, making his mark with every opinion he delivers. Of how many critics in London is it possible to say as much? When one thinks of the average critic, with his feeble infusion of musical dictionary and analytical program, the man who has no opinion, and dare not express it if he had, who is afraid of his friends, of his enemies, of his editor, of his own ignorance, of committing an injustice (as if there were any question of abstract justice involved in the expression of a critic's tastes and distastes), it is impossible not to admire L. E., who, at an age at which all ordinary journalists are hopelessly muzzled by the mere mass of their personal acquaintance, can still excite these wild animosities in the breasts of his colleagues.

And I would say of Shaw that what made him so great a critic was his integrity in relation to his material—by which I mean among other things that he used all his resources of knowledge, taste, and wit in the process of dealing rigorously with the material as it required to be dealt with; whereas the others use the material to show their knowledge, taste, and wit. Mr. Chotzinoff does anything to his subject to appear hard-boiled, blasé, wise to the things which the more naive and impressionable fall for; Mr. Gilman's act is different—he is the littérateur, the gentleman—but his subject suffers no less. Our musical life is the worse for a Barbirolli at the head of a New York Philharmonic, a Stokowski all over the place; it is the worse, then, for a criticism which helped to make these things possible; and to believe that one critic believed what he wrote of Barbirolli's first appearance here, or of Stokowski's appearances during the past ten years, I would have to believe him to be without the understanding I know he possesses. Shaw created no such dilemma for his readers.

B. H. HAGGIN

Latin American Panorama

AMERICA SOUTH. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

THE continent and a half which lies southeast of the Rio Grande is virtually terra incognita to the North American mind. To be sure, nostalgic writers have made frequent literary flights from an industrialized society in crisis into the bosom of idealized Indian communities. But these vicarious pilgrimages to the primitive generally contributed no more to an understanding of America South than did Rousseau to anthropology. The historians of Latin America have rarely troubled to analyze the economic and social factors which are the engines of history, while the newspapers have added to popular ignorance by foreshortening Latin America's contemporary history into a meaningless chronicle of *caudillo* struggles.

Carleton Beals's new work is a social history of the stresses and strains molding the destinies of Hispanic America. Despite an occasionally elephantine syntax, the book makes splendid reading; its observations are generally penetrating, and its scholarship is unobtrusive and thorough. "America South" is a first-rate contribution in a field which has been chiefly worked by intellectual mediocrity.

Beals's work opens with absorbingly interesting chapters on the physical characteristics of the continent and the welding of the Indian civilizations to their topographical, climatic, and soil environments. The second act in the drama deals with the deformation of Indian and mestizo by the rigid racial hierarchy of Spanish colonial rule, the monopolization of the land in feudal *repartimientos,* the growth of the slave trade with the depopulation of the West Indies and the rise of tropical agriculture in the Caribbean.

Beals is one of the few writers who discuss the vast slave revolts which shook Spanish rule. He makes a fruitful distinction between the rebellions of the Negroes, who had no organic relation to the American soil, and the agrarian revolution of the Indian peasants. Much remains to be done in this rich and neglected field, and such events as the Brazilian slave revolts, resulting in the formation of the Negro republic of Palmares in the seventeenth century, lie fallow for the progressive historian. Beals, by the way, pays discerning tribute to the Negro's contributions to Latin American civilization, contributions which conventional historians deprecate or ignore.

The chapters on the struggle for independence are particularly fine, for they differentiate skilfully between the two insurgent strands which contributed to the breaking up of Spain's empire—the creole counter-revolution against the Napoleonic reforms and the popular agrarian and Indian movements of Morelos and Hidalgo.

In his penetrating discussion of the reasons for Latin American backwardness, Beals takes sharp issue with the academic group which maintains that America South is condemned to remain a non-industrialized, raw-material hinterland for a long time to come. Crucial to the technical side of this question are the coal deficiency of the continent and the transport problem created by the Andes. Beals takes a dynamic view of such technological limitations and points to the existence of immense latent sources of substitute energy, such as water power. The social-economic problem is primarily that of an imperialist penetration which tends to thwart industrialization for the home market. In a very important section Beals points to the retreat of American and British investment during the crisis, which forced a reorientation of the Latin American economy away from reliance on a single precarious export product and toward a diversified production. These new policies have been driven forward by nationalistic movements which often become the tool of fascist forces.

The Paradise Regained of Beals's study is the recent emergence of new Latin American forces—the student movement, the Peruvian APRA, the reconstruction of Mexico—which in his opinion will become potent enough to forge a free Ibero-America. This section contains strange lacunae. Thus student radicalism is enthusiastically applauded, but the reader will search in vain for a treatment of the labor movement. There is no mention of Brazil's Luiz Carlos Prestes or of the powerful Chilean popular front.

Beals excoriates official pan-Americanism as an attempt to put cash-register politics into dress clothes. While praising the United States for repudiating armed intervention at the Buenos Aires congress, he views the so-called collective interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine with a cold eye. He points out that the Buenos Aires delegates held secret sessions on means of combating communism—"really a smoke screen for fighting democratic and liberal forces." Despite

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President Roosevelt's rounded rhetoric in praise of democracy, the congress achieved "a working alliance of military despotisms to prevent freedom from raising its head on the southern continent."

The chief weakness of Beals's concluding chapter is that he underrates the disguised intervention of the fascist international in Latin American affairs—an intervention whose purpose is the conquest of vast raw-material areas and markets and whose chief instrument is the subsidized fascist party. Beals notes the parallel between the international fascist axis of today and the Holy Alliance whose machinations in behalf of autocracy evoked the Monroe Doctrine a century ago. But instead of proposing an active United States policy of cooperation with the other American democracies to prevent fascism from conquering a continent, he whips the ghost of military intervention. The chief threat today to the freedom of America South is not imperialism but fascism.

No work of this scope, written in a period of rapid social flux, could be faultless. In the reviewer's opinion, Beals's study stands as the finest and most comprehensive treatment of its subject written by an American. It will do much to bring the progressive movement of the United States closer to that of Latin America. NATHANIEL WEYL

Brisbane for Posterity

BRISBANE: A CANDID BIOGRAPHY. By Oliver Carlson. Stackpole Sons. $3.

MR. CARLSON goes about the job of putting his subject on the record for posterity with a portentous lack of humor. He proves, among other unexceptionable things, that Arthur Brisbane loved money and was a dull platitudinarian, all of which might reasonably be printed in the Coals to Newcastle Department. Does one need 373 pages to show that Calvin Coolidge had a third-rate mind, or that George Horace Lorimer liked his short stories to have happy endings? Perhaps our grandchildren will delight in such incontestable demonstrations, but they need not be pulled out like taffy in 1937; there is a better use for white paper. Of more interest than his major theses is Mr. Carlson's habit of putting down an occasional good side light: for example, it is mildly edifying to learn that Brisbane got his lech for good real estate through listening to Henry George expound the single tax. But the side lights are fitful sparks in the general gloom of Mr. Carlson's *réchauffé* of the dreary stuff that went to make up Mr. Brisbane's newspaper column "Today."

Why write about Brisbane, anyway? There may be good reasons, but Mr. Carlson hasn't proved the job was necessary. He treats Brisbane as a mouthpiece for Hearst, which he undoubtedly was. But like other serious books on Hearst—and this is a book on the Lord of San Simeon at one remove—Mr. Carlson's "Brisbane: A Candid Biography" proceeds on the somewhat specious assumption that Hearst is a major menace. Behind Mr. Carlson's Brisbane lurks the shadow of a peculiarly malignant devil whose power to subvert the American public is incalculable. Pish and likewise nonsense! The fact of the matter, plain to those who can get along without wasting their fists on dummies, is that Hearst is a feeble old man whose life has been one of almost unmitigated failure. He has contributed nothing to journalism since his crude typographical innovations of the nineties; Captain Joe Patterson has put it all over him in New York, and his papers elsewhere are fading visibly. Aside from his part in engineering the Spanish-American War, he has bungled every important journalistic campaign of his career. He failed, unfortunately, in his efforts to bust the trusts and to keep us out of the World War. He failed, more fortunately, to become mayor or governor or President, or to dominate the New Deal, or to popularize Mussolini in this country, or to put Landon in the White House, or to drive the reds out of the University of Chicago. If he is a devil, he is one on the assumption that devils put the hex on all insidious things and so condemn themselves to demonological impotence. Mr. Brisbane, as mouthpiece of a failure, might be invested with some ironical significance. His friends say he had charm. But Mr. Carlson leaves him as he evidently found him: empty, boring, inane. Even as his lord, the Master of San Simeon. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Roots of the Rootless

FROM THESE ROOTS: THE IDEAS THAT HAVE MADE MODERN LITERATURE. By Mary M. Colum. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MRS. COLUM belongs to that small group of critics who have been mortally offended by the political tendencies of modern literature, and her book seems to be written under the impulse of this resentment rather than out of the need to offer any new analysis of her own. The materialist investigation of the sources of the creative and of its meanings, however, cannot be discredited by the mere repetition of outworn critical notions or by the tedious insistence on the artist's cast-iron purity. And this new plea for a return to the past will convince no one save those who, either by temperament or tradition, are committed to the view of literature as a snug, familiar little world stacked with works of art that are the private property of their creators and "proper" appreciators.

In her discussion of the history of the modern literary mind Mrs. Colum's emphasis throughout is so formalist as to exclude most of the forces that have contributed to its development. To her, art is a self-contained whole where critic and creator instruct each other in the pursuit of the imaginative life. The method of tracing derivations explains virtually everything. If you want to know why modern criticism evolved the ideas that it did, then look to Lessing. All modern poetry has been jointly fathered by Wordsworth and Baudelaire, and all the realists in prose are the offspring of Flaubert. The internal stresses of literature comprise its total definition, and anyone who disagrees is simply a vulgarian trying to rob the select minority of its spiritual luxuries. The impacts of the politico-social order, of changing moralities, of science and philosophy, are barely referred to and then mostly in order to assert their irrelevance. But in reality no ponderous dictum of sociological criticism is half so spurious as Mrs. Column's contention that the "theory" that literature is an expression of society would, in practice, "banish a great portion of the imaginative literature of the world, would banish nearly all lyric poetry and also such literatures as reflect a purely fantastic, imaginative, or psychic life." This is multiple confusion. In the first place, the term "society"—unless specifically delimited—is so all-inclusive that unless we believe that literature is an expression of it, our only alternative is to believe that it is the image and material appearance of supernatural powers. Secondly, even assuming that we are dealing here with one "theory" of literature among many, the question is whether this theory is true or false, however much its spread would tend to establish a prejudice against

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the lyric, fantastic, and so on. Furthermore, on what basis does Mrs. Colum set up this absolute dichotomy between the social and personal, the practical and the imaginative, the lyric and epic? The retreat of some poets into individual imaginings is just as much an expression of society as the preoccupation of others with political ideals. And if Mrs. Colum is using the word "social" as a synonym for the word "socialist," she should say so.

Formalist literary thought can survive in criticism only in so far as it is more exacting and acute than other modes in its analysis of the techniques of writing. As a mere exercise in aesthetic uplift, however, there seems little room for it, especially when it also adorns itself with general ideas about the nature of man and the character of nations. Thus, in writing of the Russian critic Belinsky, Mrs. Colum informs us that the tendency to make literature serve society and solve social and political problems "is really indigenous to the Russian mind." Such statements argue a chronic incapacity to see any phenomenon in its historic perspective. Russian literature has known several periods when aesthetic and symbolist movements predominated; and if often in the past, and particularly since the revolution, the serviceable aspects of literature have been emphasized, it is due to the specific conditions of Russian society in given time-spans and not to any singular predetermination of the Russian mind.

PHILIP RAHV

Before the World Court

INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF GERMAN RACIAL POLICIES. By Oscar I. Janowsky and Melvin M. Fagen. With a Preface by James Brown Scott, and Postscript by Josiah C. Wedgwood. Oxford University Press. $2.

IF YOU want a neat example of what international law is held to be and a pathetic disclosure of what it really is, I can recommend a prayerful reading of "International Aspects of German Racial Policies." Professor Janowsky and Mr. Fagen prepared the substance of this book in support of a petition presented last year to the League of Nations by a number of humanitarian, labor, and Jewish organizations and indorsed by some eighty well-known Americans. It proves by chapter and verse drawn from three centuries of international practice that Germany's mistreatment of its Jewish population—a mistreatment catalogued in an appendix containing the famous McDonald report to the League—has violated any number of human rights laid down by international law. It further proves that this mistreatment has violated the rights of other nations, as well as Germany's own obligations formally and legally assumed in 1919. Finally it proves by precedents and cases that international law empowers other nations, and indeed obligates the League, to intercede in behalf of the mistreated Jews and "non-Aryan" Christians.

With what results? The petition has been shelved, the world has left the victims of Germany to their fate, and thus we may learn that international law is not quite like other law. It is not a body of legislation backed by force; but it is, as Frederick L. Schuman once phrased it, "certain generally recognized rules" used by otherwise anarchic sovereign nations in playing a game for power. In other words, international laws are laws in much the same sense as are laws of etiquette. As a matter of fact, perhaps one of the greatest triumphs of international law since the war lay in its forcing Soviet diplomats to wear full-dress suits. For the readers who can follow what lies between the lines, the authors of this book have indicted not only Germany but international law itself.

The indictment will eventually be lodged before a court which, hard as it may be to believe, is even more dilatory than the League Assembly; but a court from whose verdict there is no escape or appeal. It will be *Weltgeschichte,* history incarnate, which shall one day render the *Weltgericht,* the judgment of humanity. And there are people who claim to hear something like the distant rumble of guns summoning that court to session.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

The "Blight of Aimlessness"

TOWARDS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: ESSAYS IN THE SPIRITUAL HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH. By H. V. Routh. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

EUROPEAN intellectuals are generally agreed upon the premise of this book, that "the twentieth century lacks spiritual certainty." "Spiritual," Professor Routh makes clear, is to be understood in its wider sense, without theological associations, as "aspiration towards Beauty, Truth, Righteousness." Lack of confidence in these ultimate human values can scarcely be the result of the political and economic chaos into which Europe has been drifting, for Mr. Routh reminds us that the ages of the "Iliad," the Greek drama, the "Divine Comedy," and "Hamlet" were quite as full of "cruelty, baseness, and unendurable egoisms." Yet without averting their eyes from their contemporaries, Homer, Sophocles, Dante, and Shakespeare somehow convince us of man's essential grandeur. So also do the great romantics. Even the Victorians tower above us, though the light they throw on man's pathway is dim and flickering, and the loudness with which they proclaim their certainties arouses suspicion that they are already feeling some of our present misgivings. Hence it is with the Victorians that Mr. Routh begins his investigation into the failure of the humanistic tradition to permeate the new civilization of science, industrialism, and democratic aspiration.

The theme is not unfamiliar to readers of Spengler, Aldous Huxley, and the American "new humanists"; but seldom, if ever, has it been treated with such a union of impartiality and breadth. The investigation is not narrowed to England and to belles-lettres. While Mr. Routh's main concern is with the outstanding personalities in British literature, science, and philosophy, he maintains perspective by frequent glances at their French and German contemporaries. Goethe is the most impressive modern example of spiritual certainty; Heine probably the first instance of awareness of a "rift" in European culture. In England Mr. Routh finds the "turning-point" in Mill's "On Liberty" (1859), which "looks forward to a time when educated people will have no allegiances, and no convictions which are too precious to be disproved or too profoundly intimate to be capable of disproof." He considers Mill "at heart a simple soul" who had no premonition of the psychological disintegration which he was unloosing, and which was to be precipitated by the Darwinism which fell upon an astonished world in the same year. Over the vast, ill-explored territory from Mill and Darwin to the present time Mr. Routh moves briskly and penetratingly, more concerned with stimulating inquiry than with pressing his own conclusions as to the causes of the modern "blight of aimlessness." He is especially felicitous in portraits of those who,

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like Matthew Arnold, hesitated between the old culture and the new civilization. His information leaves little for the specialist to cavil at; his clarity and vigor will attract the serious general reader. Mr. Routh, an attractive example of the younger generation of Englishmen who are good Europeans, should provoke Americans to awareness of the difference of their cultural and intellectual assumptions from those of Europe. It seems to the reviewer that Americans have succeeded more frequently in adjusting their culture to science, and are less inclined to regard economic and political obstacles to the life of the spirit as insurmountable.

EMERY NEFF

The Raw-Materials Problem

RAW MATERIALS IN PEACE AND WAR. By Eugene Staley. Council on Foreign Relations. $3.

INTERNATIONAL CONTROL OF NON-FERROUS METALS. By W. Y. Elliott, E. S. May, J. W. F. Rowe, Alex Skelton, and Donald Wallace. The Macmillan Company. $6.50.

EVER since Sir Samuel Hoare at the League of Nations session in 1935 suavely proposed that the League study the means for bringing about "free distribution of raw materials" among all countries, the words "distribution" and "access" have hypnotized the world. And when the Nazis proclaimed that "it is impossible to solve the raw-material problem without giving Germany back her colonies," another vista of peace appeared in proposals for the return of the colonies. On top of this came the recent report of the League committee on raw materials, which in effect said that there is no raw-material problem after all. (Sir Samuel probably knew this right along.) What is the truth behind this confusion?

In the first place, the League committee spoke correctly when it pointed out that giving back its colonies would not remedy Germany's raw-material shortage. The German colonies contain no iron ore, copper, bauxite, manganese, or petroleum—the materials most needed—but only some copra and palm oil. In fact, commercially important raw materials now being produced in the various colonial territories of all nations represent only about 3 per cent of the world's raw-material production. The truth is that Hitler wants the colonies principally as a publicity *Ersatz* for the real conquests which he has failed to make.

The whole mystification about raw materials springs from the fact that raw materials mean one thing in peace, another in war. If the whole world were directing its forces along normal peace-time channels, there would be little talk of raw-material problems. In peace time no nation or its producers refuse to sell raw materials to anyone who wishes to buy them. There has existed no shortage of any of the principal raw materials since the last war. On the contrary there has been overproduction. Germany, Italy, and Japan—the great "unsatisfied"—can buy as much cotton from Texas, iron from Lorraine, copper from Chile, manganese from Russia as they wish—provided they can pay for them. "Paying"—therein lies the catch.

The arguments, at this point, run as follows: (1) Germany cries for raw materials to feed its industry; (2) the "satisfied" powers reply that they have on hand an embarrassing surplus of raw materials for Germany to buy; (3) Germany retorts that it cannot pay for these because other countries will not buy its goods or advance it credit; (4) the "satisfied" powers answer that if Germany cuts out anti-Semitism, which has caused widespread boycotts, reduces tariffs, and stops the extravagant rearmament program, it can obtain plenty of trade and credit to buy these materials. In short, the argument winds up in a general impasse about the causes of the world economic crisis—economic nationalism, tariffs, stringency of credit, currency wars, and the uneconomic armament race. This is only another way of saying, as the League committee said, that the raw-material problem is but part of the general world economic problem.

Germany, however, might point to the national monopolies of certain raw materials. Britain in Malaya, in collaboration with the Dutch in their Indies, has long had a monopoly of rubber—this aroused even the phlegmatic Hoover—and in collaboration with the Dutch and the Bolivians a monopoly of tin. The United States possesses a monopoly of helium gas for dirigibles and has announced a fancy scheme for preventing its free export. But these international tin and rubber cartels do not prove very successful in maintaining monopolies (producers will cheat and consumers will strike), and they raise the threat of substitutes, synthetic rubber, for instance. No country has a monopoly of one or all of the basic raw materials—cotton, oil, iron, copper, etc. Raw materials are too widely diffused among nations. Even "unsatisfied" Germany stands first in world production of one important material, potash—for fertilizer.

The core of the matter lies in the fact that it is a war-time problem. The second World War has apparently already started, and this war, with the preparations for widening it, has produced the present furious race for raw materials. Thus Sir Samuel Hoare, a spokesman for a "satisfied" empire, utters a seductive phrase in the hope that it will delay the assault of the "unsatisfied" imperialisms. Dr. Schacht juggles currencies and trade agreements in a bewildering effort to obtain raw materials for the forges of Krupp. Germany backs Franco, and Göring's planes assist in the capture of Basque iron ore. We had Hitler's word for it at Würzburg on June 28, "That is why we want a Nationalist government in Spain, in order to be able to buy ores." Meanwhile Leunawerke uses Rio Tinto pyrites for explosives, while France, deprived by Franco of its usual supply of Spanish pyrites, turns to Italy for this essential. And so on.

Here, again, no solution exists apart from the general solution of the world economic crisis. In this war-time race Germany and Italy can get "access" to raw materials only by obtaining credits from Britain and France. It is not unnatural that such powers, engaged in rearmament themselves, should hesitate about the loans. War provides the only road to "access." Colonies, as we have seen, are no good; Italy has found poor raw-material pickings in Abyssinia. Raw materials lie, for the most part, in sovereign states. And that is another reason why Germany and Italy invade Spain and Japan sets out to conquer China.

Professor Staley, on the whole, gives a good survey of the raw-materials problem. In this book he has written a less detailed and comprehensive study than his excellent "War and the Private Investor," leaving case studies and background to the tome "International Control of Non-Ferrous Metals," where the student may follow the extraordinary role which copper, lead, nickel, aluminum, and zinc, and the companies controlling them play in the international economic tangle. For a solution to the problem Professor Staley, recognizing the war aspects of the matter, falls rather lamely back on "collective security" and an appeal to Britain and the United States to stand together.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

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This Is War

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WAR. By Harold Roland Shapiro. Knight Publications. $1.50.

THERE are far more important things for a young man to know about war than are here presented—its institutional history, for example, its economic causes, and its far-reaching socio-political results. Nevertheless, in offering a rather gratuitous demonstration of the accepted truth that "war is hell" for the individual caught in its toils, this small book makes a number of arresting points, gleaned from the official records kept by army doctors and surgeons during the late (but apparently not the last) World War. These professional records present a cool but appalling picture of the stark horrors of modern warfare, a frightful threat not only to life and limb but to health and sanity. The filth in the trenches will be indescribable, young man, and while nothing can be done about that, military medicos are human after all, and can and do offer advice on how to regulate your sex life while standing up to your middle in slime compounded of mud and human excrement. What are your chances of being wounded? One in five. Your wound may be slight, but in that case "you may be buried alive in shelled trenches; you may be frozen to death or die of hunger and thirst; you may be burned, or your frozen feet may drop off with your shoes. . . . You may become ill, delirious, insane before you have reached the hospital train." If you are lucky and get patched up, you will be rushed back to the front as soon as possible, for the function of an army medical corps, according to one high authority, is not limited "to a colorless part in victory . . . to that function of saving life and preventing suffering in the individual . . . leaving untouched that great task—the prompt return to our fighting line of men who can be saved for future usefulness to our arms." This time you may be seriously wounded, in which case you should be upon an operating table within twelve hours. But "how are you going to do it, gentlemen?" asks Colonel Shockley, United States Army Medical Corps. "You are not going to do it, that's all. I haven't seen it done, and I don't believe it will be done." When you die, however, you will receive the best of care, be assured, providing your body is found. You will get a good scrubbing with soap and water, and be clean again at last. You will even achieve a clean sheet and you will be laid out decorously—"your jaw will be bandaged to keep it from falling . . ."

GEORGE WILLISON

Shorter Notices

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF SARA TEASDALE. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Sara Teasdale's poems should have been carefully selected rather than collected. But several points concerning her work become clear if one reads through this volume. She was one of the first American poets to use city imagery with fair success. Her work did grow in depth and wisdom, and despite some sentimentality she kept, by excellent pruning, a complete lyric purity and simplicity unmarred by rhetoric and untouched by forced or literary design. If she cannot achieve Edna Millay's fine lines, she does avoid Millay's artificiality. Nor am I contradicting this statement when I say that most of her imagery is completely traditional; its very familiarity is proper to her themes—the love of life and the necessary suffering that love must cost. Miss Teasdale's gift was for the writing of pure song. Her lyrics demand music and call it to mind. The complete simplicity and usualness of her imagery and syntax, her control of vowel and consonant, make all of her best poetry, like that of the Elizabethans, demand musical setting. Sara Teasdale's last book is her best, though all the long poems and the sentimental lyrics should have been excluded. Hers is a slight and very feminine talent, but within its limitations authentic.

THE BOOK. THE STORY OF PRINTING AND BOOKMAKING. By Douglas C. McMurtrie. Covici-Friede. $5.

Every few years some studious printer retells the tale of bookmaking, from the pictographs of the anonymous ancients to the "press editions" of the many contemporaries "who must be mentioned"—more perhaps to save feelings than records. It is a capital story, though, the very best-natured of all the stories man can tell on himself with his head up. Often this intrinsic geniality softens it for the kind of people who think they have ceased being sentimentalists because they have become intellectual. In 1927 Mr. McMurtrie's "The Golden Book" romanticized "the romantic story" with best-seller success. This hardly comported with his two dozen other books on printing, which include his "History of Printing in the United States." His latest offering is again a popular treatment, but this time an excellent one. It has but a trace left of the appeal to those who think bibliophily a "quest" for the quaint and the "priceless." Its factual considerations go slightly deeper than is usual in such general coverage. It contains unpretentious facsimiles of the famous pages every bookman ought to know, and also many reproductions less familiarly important. Its reference lists will lead the earnest reader to main deposits of bibliographical knowledge. The introduction and the last chapter urge some dependable aesthetic criteria which the reader can apply to his own collection of books, and thus double their interest by the addition of this single volume. It is in itself a candid, decent piece of bookmaking for the purpose, and the most ample popular account of the subject this reviewer has seen in English.

PANIC SPRING. By Charles Norden. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

Except for a few flashbacks the scene of this novel is an island off the coast of Greece, where five men and one woman seek release from disillusionment in a kind of timeless sun paralysis. A boatman has capriciously selected them to be the guests of Rumanades, a retired munitions manufacturer who realized that his occupation was governed by the law of diminishing spiritual returns, and who rules over this island with a meaningless display of ceremonial. The author employs the "South Wind" formula of indolent living set against a lush background, but his novel makes a feeble showing in a literary market which has already been cornered by a more inventive work. Similarities between the two islands end with the volcanic cliffs, the magnificently pagan and childlike peasants, and the lack of moral verdicts. The vagabonds in this book, unlike the inhabitants of Nepenthe, are neither brilliant nor beguiling. Their dialogues are stilted, and for all their naked sunbathing and nocturnal drinking bouts they never achieve much more than an artificial abandon. What little action there is comes from the past experiences of a few of them poignantly related, and since these have not been fused into the present pattern of their lives, there is no unifying plot. Perhaps one would not complain about its absence if the writing had charm and distinction. If a book has little substance, it cannot afford to be heavy-footed.

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FILMS

The Poet as Hero

I HAVE at last found an exception to the rule—for rule it still is—that artists are impossible heroes for fiction. The reason I advanced in the cases of "Rembrandt" and "Zola," and might have advanced in the case of Harry Baur's "Beethoven," is that the characteristic activity of an artist is invisible; or at any rate that it is not the hand alone which paints a picture, and that there is no known way of acting like a poet. The exception is "Young Pushkin" (Amkino); by which might be meant either that this film succeeds where all others have failed or that it has not tried the impossible. I prefer the latter meaning, if only because it leaves the rule unviolated after all; the rule is an excellent thing to hold on to.

V. Litovsky, who plays the boy Pushkin in this completely delightful narrative, does not act like a poet. He acts like a boy. It is his good fortune to be himself a very bewitching youth; but what is more to the point, he knows how to become Pushkin in his teens—for that it is the boy Pushkin before us we never are tempted to doubt. The scene is the Imperial Lyceum at Tsarkoye Selo where Pushkin was a student from his twelfth to his eighteenth year, and where the evident fact that he was a poet did not prevent him from being liked by the other boys or from deserving the nickname "Monkey." Here his high spirits express themselves in many ways, only one of these ways being poetry. It is the whole person that we see—tempestuous in his frolics, his despairs, his loves, his hates, and his silences, and bent no less fiercely upon chasing a tattle-tale than upon reading a book or writing a poem. We see him writing one poem, and the spectacle has not a false note in it; the memory carried away is of a kinky-haired young fellow in uniform biting his quill and staring angrily ahead of him (not up, not vaguely off) at the word which refuses to come. Not the idea, or the mood, but the word. We see him reading a book, too. As he lies on his stomach in bed when the lights should be out, his face is a marvelous study: the eyes rigid with attention, the whole head fixed in a kind of critical wonder, and yet a few muscles twitching in intelligent and purposeful spasm about the mouth. He is the kind of boy who can say of a classmate: "He is a real poet, but his poems are bad." Pushkin's desire is not to be a real poet; it is to be a good one, and we are convinced that he is just that. We are prepared, then, for the great scene of his reading in competition before the toothless Derzhavin, surviving laureate of the eighteenth century, who has been waiting to die until a new poet should arise in Russia. Derzhavin's excitement as he totters to his feet and cries "Music, music! Gentlemen, a poet!" has none of that nonsense about it which makes most such scenes ridiculous. But this in turn is a reminder to say that the film abounds in superbly played old men as well as in perfectly directed adolescents. It is a triumph of taste and wisdom.

A revival for one night of Von Stroheim's somewhat legendary "Greed," a box-office failure fourteen years ago, was recently presented to the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union by its educational committee. The legend is that no copy of the fiasco survives; but here one was, borrowed from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, and one could see why "Greed" had failed. It was too faithful to the naturalism of its source, Frank Norris's "McTeague," which also is a kind of failure, since in spite of its huge power it is out of print. "Greed" kept all the power and all the unpleasantness; but those were not and are not popular virtues.

MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

Good Dancing and Bad Jokes

IF "Between the Devil" (Imperial Theater) were everywhere as clever as some four or five of the choruses, then it would deserve a good deal more than merely passing praise. Unfortunately, however, the Messrs. Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz seem, on each such occasion, to have put their whole wit into one jest and to have been resolved to live as fools, if not for the rest of their dull lives, at least during the next half hour or so. The result is that the show is very uneven indeed, and that one might with some show of reason damn it completely or praise it with honest warmth.

Besides the meandering, impudent choruses above mentioned there is the presence of Evelyn Laye and of a newcomer to New York named Adele Dixon—to say nothing of Jack Buchanan, the praise of whose sleek manliness (virility in tails, I should call it) probably ought to be left to the ladies. Then there is the dancing of Vilma Ebsen, who has a jazz style subtly her own, and one mad song by the "Tune Twisters," which is dragged in by the heels but is probably the best single feature of the evening. Add an unusually good-looking bevy of young ladies and several moments of reasonably funny farce, and you have what sounds like a very good show until the description reaches the point where I am compelled to add not only that even these reasonably funny moments are too far apart but also that a good many moments in between are unreasonably unfunny.

Despite certain touches "in the modern manner," "Between the Devil" is not so much the "musical comedy" of the program description as it is what used to be called "a farce with music," and the back bone of its humor is composed of gags which were not very fresh in the days when that genre was common. The author of the book is like the Divine Astrea "who fairly puts all characters to bed," but except for this explicitness he writes naughty farce as it was written twenty-five years ago, and fails to titillate me at least when he requires Mr. Buchanan to take off his clothes behind a screen. As samples of the humor permit me merely to say that marriage to three persons is referred to as "trigonometry," that there are such puns-that-are-not-puns as "adding insult to bigamy," and that at an ardent moment the hero has to blow the feathers of a lady's hat out of his face.

This brings me to the moral of my piece. Why is it that those who borrow old jokes for the stage almost invariably borrow such bad ones? When a man is original but feeble, one assumes that he is doing the best he can, but if a humorist is going to plagiarize, there is no excuse for not plagiarizing from the masters. It is bad enough to be compelled to say of a gag, "That always was funny," but worse to be compelled to remark, "I never did laugh at that one." Several times during what was, after all, a frequently amusing evening, I found myself whispering, "The first time I heard that one I yawned in the cradle."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Letters to the Editors

For Sense in Censorship

Dear Sirs: "Spain in Flames" has not yet been seen by the free people of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania. But *The Nation* has left the record of the censorship incomplete.

On November 24 Judge Levinthal of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, in a scholarly and courageous opinion, reversed the order of the Board of Censors and directed the board to "approve 'Spain in Flames' in the form in which it was originally submitted." To the hopeful sentence in its "Spain in Flames" editorial stating that "legal action is, however, under way in Pennsylvania to force the Board of Censors and Governor Earle to rescind orders which have no basis in law," *The Nation* may now, for the information of its readers, add that at least one court in Pennsylvania has confirmed its editorial view that the order had no such basis.

But the final word in the history of this struggle for sense in censorship has not yet been written. On December 16 the Pennsylvania Board of Censors filed an appeal from Judge Levinthal's order to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. That appeal was taken while Governor Earle was on the high seas. It is to be hoped that he will move to have it dismissed so that the free citizens of Pennsylvania may have the opportunity to form an opinion about these flames in Spain for themselves.

ARTHUR W. A. COWAN

Philadelphia, December 22

Who Wants Partition?

Dear Sirs: If the choice in Palestine is truly "pogroms or partition," as Philip Bernstein suggested in your issue of December 4, then the case for partition need not even be stated. But the lack of enthusiasm for the suggestions of the Peel report indicate that such are not the alternatives in Palestine.

Could the extremists in Arab life be eliminated, there would be no reason for doubting the possibility of amity between the two peoples. It is generally taken for granted that the Mufti and his followers represent the Arabs of Palestine. It would be equally correct to say that the clergy and nobility in pre-revolutionary France represented the interests of the French peasants and bourgeoisie. The Mufti is a member of the effendi (landlord) class, and so are his followers. They and the money lenders are the exploiters of the Arab masses. In the present crisis the voice of the middle-class city Arab has been stilled by blackmail and murder. The peasant and the city worker never had a spokesman.

What are now the feelings of those who, poor as they are, have been envied by neighboring Arabs because of their opportunities to enjoy the prosperity which the Jews have brought to the country? Have the advocates of partition consulted them on their willingness to be turned over to Emir Abdullah's poorhouse, which in the euphemistic language of diplomacy is referred to as Trans-Jordan? SAMUEL DUKER

Washington, D. C., December 20

Political Surgeons

Dear Sirs: It was with much interest that I read the editorial in the December 11 issue of *The Nation* entitled Political Surgery. There is one point that you will be interested in knowing about. The committee composed of Drs. Malony, Wilson, Yoell, Peers, and Kilgore referred to in *The Nation* as the Publication Committee was the original Committee of Five which officially represented the California Medical Association in initiating the survey of which I was director. My report was handed in to this Committee of Five for publication on October 23, 1936. When they failed to release it after a reasonable amount of time, I insisted that they delay no longer. Finally, after any number of complaints on my part and on the part of the governmental officials who had been responsible for federal grants, I made plans for private publication.

In the meantime the California Medical Association had laid the "necessary groundwork" for disposing of the report as it saw fit. When complaints of those who were interested in not allowing the report to be killed through inaction became so loud that they no longer could be disregarded, the State Department of Public Health took the stage as the official public sponsor of the survey. One of its first acts was to appoint from among the members of the State Board of Health a new Publication Committee, whose duty it was to edit the report and to see that a document was published. Three members of this newly appointed Publication Committee were Howard Morrow, president of the State Board of Health and also president of the California Medical Association; Edward Pallette, a senior member of the State Board of Health and last year's president of the California Medical Association; and George Kress, another senior member of the State Board of Health and editor of *California and Western Medicine,* official publication of the Medical Association. Observing the make-up of this committee, one needs little imagination to figure out why the California Medical Association and the State Board of Health stood in perfect agreement as to what was to be done with the final report.

This is the "trust" that some of us *know* is operating in defense of the old system of private practice and at great sacrifice of public welfare.

PAUL A. DODD

Los Angeles, Cal., December 18

Advertising and Politics

Dear Sirs: It is not clear from Miss Woodward's article, How to Swing an Election, in your issue of December 11 whether she refers to an election held this fall or in 1936. However, in any case it was not the first instance of Lord and Thomas's participation in California politics. I remember that Upton Sinclair, in "I, Candidate for Governor and How I Got Licked," wrote of the role of this advertising agency in the smear-Sinclair campaign. The billboards and newspaper ads attacking Sinclair, together with the rest of the Republican publicity in the 1934 California gubernatorial election, were handled by this agency, Sinclair reports.

HY KRAVIF

New York, December 15

Money Must Be Spent

Dear Sirs: Keith Hutchinson's article in your issue of December 11 contained an excellent analysis of the present economic recession, but his conclusion, although in line with current liberal thought, struck me as inadequate.

Deficit financing was justified so long as it represented a replacement of the

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deposit money which vanished with the contraction of private credit during the years 1930-33. But now that deposits are as large as they were in 1929 there is money enough to finance production at capacity—if all the money were in active circulation. But the fact is that a vast sum is held idle in the banks by investors, trust accounts, and corporations. And so long as it is held idle we shall have unemployment and depression. Further pump-priming will stimulate business for a time, but the new money poured into the pump will again be drained off into private dry wells, as it has been in the past. And when the pump-priming ceases, as it must some time, business will decline again.

What we need is not a further increase in the volume of money but an increase in the velocity of its circulation. This might be brought about either by "restoring the confidence" of business men, which implies a complete surrender of the New Deal, or by devising taxes which would severely penalize the accumulation of idle funds.

The fact we must recognize is that our economy will not function—without the stimulus of credit inflation—unless all income received is either spent or invested. Money that cannot be invested must be spent. We cannot hope for a steady prosperity until measures are devised to give effect to this principle.

GEORGE R. WALKER

Boston, December 20

Mr. Epstein Unchanged

Dear Sirs: Mr. L. A. Beck's letter in *The Nation* of December 18 regarding your recent editorial and my presumed changes of mind is interesting to me only as an example of the bankrupt tactics of my critics.

As to Mr. Beck's charge that in my speech before the Colorado Conference of Social Work I attacked "the Social Security Act as well as the Social Security Board and others who are not in full agreement" with me, Mr. Beck knows that I did not make reference to either the Social Security Board or other people's point of view.

It is significant that Mr. Beck uses the same quotation from my testimony before the Congressional committees studying the social-security bills as was recently cited to me by a member of the Social Security Board. The frightful inconsistency charged to me is that early in 1935 I indorsed the major portion of the President's general program and even favored the old-age insurance plan then proposed. What Mr. Beck does not tell is that my testimony referred to a bill which was entirely different from the one finally enacted. That bill not only provided for lower contributions, to be attained at a slower rate of increase, and for less than one-third the present contemplated reserve, but also—which is most important to me—for a direct governmental contribution.

My chief criticisms of the insurance provisions of the Social Security Act are based on the fact that the present taxes are placed almost entirely on the workers as wage-earners and consumers, and that since this must inevitably reduce their purchasing power, production will be curtailed, unemployment increased, and insecurity enhanced. There is thus no inconsistency in my indorsement of a plan which offered a base for a socially desirable system and my criticism of an act which is directly the opposite. Indeed, until there is a governmental contribution to the present old-age and unemployment-insurance provisions, obtained through progressive taxation, I must continue to denounce the act for what it is—a measure tending toward social insecurity rather than security—if I am to be consistent with the principles I have held steadfastly for over twenty years.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN, Executive Secretary
American Association for Social Security

New York, December 17

Margaret Fuller

Dear Sirs: I am preparing a biography of Margaret Fuller and would be glad to hear from anyone possessing letters or information about her not hitherto made public. Any letters or other material sent to me in care of Reynal and Hitchcock, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City, will be carefully handled and promptly returned. MASON WADE

New York, December 27

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Dear Sirs: I have undertaken a study of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and her times, and I shall be obliged if owners of letters from Miss Wilcox will send copies of them to me for examination, or, if more convenient, the originals, which will be promptly copied and returned. I shall also be grateful for any memories of the poet which her friends or acquaintances may send.

JENNY BALLOU

Short Beach, Conn., December 23

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* correspondent in Spain, has just arrived in the United States for a short visit.

MARQUIS CHILDS, Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* is the author of "Sweden: The Middle Way."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, is the author of "Beyond Tragedy."

GEORGE GROSZ has recently published a portfolio of drawings, "Interregnum," from which *The Nation* has selected several for publication.

ALAN BARTH is a New York newspaperman.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of "By Way of Art."

ABRAM L. HARRIS, professor of economics at Howard University, is the author of "The Negro as Capitalist."

NATHANIEL WEYL, formerly an economist for the AAA, is working on a book about South America.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, author of "Farewell to Reform," is on the staff of *Fortune.*

PHILIP RAHV is an editor of the *Partisan Review.*

MARVIN LOWENTHAL is the author of "The Jews of Germany."

EMERY NEFF is assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN is a close student of the economic forces which motivate wars. He is the coauthor of "Merchants of Death."

GEORGE WILLISON is the author of "Why Wars Are Declared."

Correction—In the issue of November 27, L. O. Prendergast stated that telephone service in Mexico "is in the hands of two foreign companies, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Swedish Ericcson trust, in which the A. T. and T. has a 35 per cent interest." Mr. Prendergast intended to say the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, not the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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